The Nation.

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The Week.

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President Roosevelt's refusal to "make a speech" on the lines suggested, with so delightful a vagueness, by certain railway officials, should put an end to a chapter of absurdities. The gentlemen referred to have been reiterating two assertions—that the "campaign against the railroads" was solely responsible for the Wall Street disturbances, and that all such troubles would be ended if the President would only "make a speech." What was to be contained in this mysterious "speech," no railway oracle has told us; we suspect that none of them has been able to make an intelligible suggestion to the President. The reason is that they knew all the time, first, that "railway regulation" did not cause the crash in stocks, except in so far as the clamor of the railway men frightened their own shareholders; and, second, that Mr. Roosevelt could neither do nor say anything which would alter the situation as to the railway legislation. The Railway Rate bill has been enacted into law; what the States propose is a question which the States will themselves decide. As for the grave contention that a law proposing to keep the "water" out of railway incorporations would destroy vast amounts of invested capital, even school-children know that legislation cannot be retroactive.

It may be modesty for Secretary Taft's brother, in acting as the spokesman of his Presidential boom, to eliminate personalities and declare this "a direct contest between the friends of the Administration of President Roosevelt and his opponents." It is certainly not good political sense. If Taft were a man of small and unimpressive personality, lacking in moral fibre, incompetent in statecraft, there might be some point in thus reducing him to a sort of proxy, a mere abstraction representing somebody else's record. But he is none of these things. He would have been an available candidate even if there had never been such a man as Roosevelt. These tactics are as unfair to the Secretary himself as they are to the Republican voters of Ohio, who, after producing from their own ranks three former Presidents, certainly should be supposed capable of recognizing the right man now. But it has become a habit to test everything political with the Roosevelt litmus paper. Thus we can hardly blame Charles P. Taft for his method of simplifying a complicated issue. Too many Roosevelt successes have been won already on the platform that "them who is not wid him is agin' him."

Water competition being regarded more and more as the one permanent safeguard against railroad extortion, President James J. Hill of the Great Northern makes the further suggestion that improvement of waterways may relieve the present freight congestion. "There has been in the past," he said, "a feeling among some railroad men that waterway development would be inimical to railway interests. I do not think it would, and if this idea has not already wholly disappeared, it is in a fair way of doing so soon." In the popular mind, certainly, the idea that the railroads alone are sufficient to the transportation needs of the country is no longer held. This feeling we have seen expressed in the revival of river traffic last year in several streams where it had been suspended for a long time, and indications multiply that there are to be other instances of the same kind this coming season. Mr. Hill's interview will probably lend impetus to the organized demand for more money for river and harbor improvement. This year's appropriation bill was in excess of the $50,000,000 which the Waterways Congress asks to have allowed annually. Even an appropriation of that amount every year would merely equal about one-quarter of our outlay on the army and navy.

The English are quicker than we in some things. Our Philippine insurrection ended long before their Boer war. Yet complete self-government, with the defeated Boers in the saddle, will have been in working order for at least five months before our Filipinos elect their first General Assembly. The President's order, signed on Thursday night, leaves the date indeterminate, but the Philippine Commission had already fixed July 30 for the balloting. The appearance at Washington of the commissioners to be chosen at the same time will be a novel and significant incident in the next Congress. Secretary Taft, in a statement before a House committee, when the project for creating a Philippine Assembly was first under consideration, remarked that the new body would doubtless "begin by trying to pass acts for the complete regeneration of mankind." Practical legislation is an art that neither they nor any other people can learn, except by experience. John Barrett's often-quoted comparison of the independent Philippine legislative body with the Japanese Parliament, however, remains on record. And the Islands can, at least, produce orators. It was announced only last week that the State of Illinois will be represented in an interstate oratorical contest next month by a native Filipino.

Chicago, according to the latest figures from the Census Bureau, leads the country in increase of population since 1900. Against an increase of 10½ per cent. for the nation, Chicago proudly points to a rate almost double, 20 6-10 per cent., to be precise, and one full per cent. ahead of this city. For the same period we are told that the population of all incorporated places having 8,000 or more inhabitants has increased by nearly 16 per cent. In other words, the enormous growth in Chicago and New York has been paralleled in most urban centres. At the same time, it should be noticed that all our great cities, with the exception of the two mentioned, fall below the general urban rate of 16 per cent. Thus St. Louis has increased only 12.8 per cent., Philadelphia 10.3 per cent., Baltimore 8 per cent., and Boston 7.5 per cent. The inference would seem to be that the rush from the country to the cities is directed chiefly towards the small towns because of contiguity, and our two monster cities because they *are* monstrously large, and only in a minor degree to cities that can show but a puny half or three-quarter million people; or else that such half-way cities as Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Louis act as pumping stations and feeders for the capitals of the East and West respectively.

The defeat of the attempts to do away with the Pennsylvania State Constabulary is of more than local significance. One of the numerous repeal bills passed the House, but none will become law. Thus ends another effort of organized labor to weaken the police power of a State. The National Guard has been assailed directly and indirectly in various quarters; the prompt attack on the new State constabulary is clear testimony to its effectiveness. But aside from the labor-union aspect of the question, a muster out of the Pennsylvania force would have discouraged efforts now making elsewhere to establish similar organizations. Nowhere are they more needed than in the South, where long stretches of country are practically without any police protection, either against lynchers or the individual crim-

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inal, and where the sheriffs, as elsewhere, are often cowardly or inefficient. Two years ago it was hard to get any one in the South to see that a State constabulary would be one of the best means of preventing race trouble. To-day many have come to a different point of view. In South Carolina, for example, a constabulary measure has been under discussion in the Legislature. The success of the Pennsylvania experiment has had much to do with this change of feeling.

Public opinion will, we think, cordially support the grand jury in its indictment of Ira A. McCormick, the general superintendent of the New York Central, and A. H. Smith, the general manager, for gross carelessness leading up to the Woodlawn wreck. It is inconceivable that this, the worst of the Central's long list of accidents, should go unpunished. Nobody suffered for the tunnel accident; no one went to jail for the Hastings wreck, not even the brakeman, whose culpability was beyond doubt. When the roadbed gave way and precipitated a train into the river at Garrisons, no one paid the penalty; the Central, having at last awakened to a realization of its dangerous condition, merely strengthened its road. So far as laymen can judge, the guilt of the responsible officials in the Woodlawn wreck has been clearly proved. Both engines were partly disabled, the engineer was untrained, the speed dangerously high, and the roadbed at the curve had been reported in bad condition. If under these circumstances no one is to be punished, the New York Central should not wonder that the mass of the voters does not believe that the Public Utilities bill can be made too stringent, in so far as it affects the railroads and their operation.

As the result of the establishment of the General Education Board and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, there has been more careful and intelligent scrutiny of educational conditions in our colleges than had ever before been attempted. At last we are in a fair way to know both the actual status of the so-called higher education, and to ascertain which of the multitude of "colleges" and "universities" are what they pretend to be. The name signifies nothing, for, as the Carnegie report says, "it is not uncommon to find flourishing high schools which bear one or the other of these titles." The administrative boards of the two funds plainly have it in their power to help determine fundamentally what shall constitute the college in America. It is within their province to insist, for their purposes, upon certain definite requirements for admission, a curriculum leading in certain definite directions, and an adequate organization and equipment. The higher education of this country is largely in the hands of the small colleges, and not the great universities. The latter, from the nature of the case, are destined to be few; while the former are many. It does not matter that these many colleges are small, so long as they do actual college work. The lack of the lavish, and often bewildering, opportunity for selection in the choice of subjects presented by the universities with their unwieldy classes, is partly offset by the more definite character and clearer-cut purpose of the narrower range of courses offered, while the smaller classes mean closer contact with the teacher and with one's fellows. The small college, to seize its chance and take its proper place in the system of education that is surely coming in the United States, must, nevertheless, be a college in fact. It is not necessary that the colleges shall be all alike, for historical development and specific environment will differentiate them; and it will often be best for them to maintain their characteristic individuality. Their courses of study may vary indefinitely; and whether they favor an elective system, a prescribed system in whole or in part, or a group system will make little difference, provided they have a teaching equipment sufficient to attain their ends. Their admission requirements, however, from Maine to Mexico, should be substantially the same—at any rate in those essentials which mark the beginning of the higher as distinguished from secondary education.

One of the reasons advanced by the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education in support of a system of trade schools for children between fourteen and sixteen years of age, is stated as follows:

> Boys are not wanted in most of the skilled industries until they are sixteen years of age. The total result is a greater number of boys and girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age, most of whom are at work in various kinds of juvenile occupations, in which they learn no trade, are subject to little, if any, beneficial general education, and often to much harmful education from shifting experience and environment.

The argument is sound, and none the less so because it states succinctly the double view of the function of public education which we are getting more and more ready to accept. The school has not only its positive use, to teach children, but also a negative function, to keep children out of harm. In this State we have tied together the operation of the compulsory-education law with our child-labor regulations, by making strict enforcement of the one a preventive against violation of the other. The summer school gives the children a comparatively cool spot to play in. The evening school keeps young children, in their most susceptible years, from the maleficent adult surroundings of the factory and the shop.

France is not living up to her traditions of cosmopolitan intuition and sympathy—for example, in regard to the tariff. The French Government is said to be angry with us because we have shown no desire to meet her at least part of the way in finding some means to mitigate the rigorous, though inspired, provisions of our law. Impatient the Gallic spirit has generally been recognized to be, but that the French Government should grow petulant because a reciprocity treaty which it proposed in 1897 has so far failed to receive attention in Congress, is a little too much. We are Anglo-Saxons; we refuse to be coerced or to be hurried off our feet by weak-kneed, mawkish, mollycoddle sentiments of international generosity. What would these irritable Frenchmen have? Is not the Dingley act in the hands of its friends? Germany—well, Germany, in its rough Teutonic fashion, got tired and kicked up a row and had somehow to be attended to. But *la belle France*, we thought, had better manners than that. Friendship is a beautiful thought, but charity begins at home, and virtue assailed will stand patter than ever.

Out of the confiscated papers of Mgr. Montagnini, the Papal representative who was expelled from Paris last December, France bids fair to develop a sensation as exciting, for the time being, as that which followed the publication of the Hohenlohe memoirs. We look, however, to a different result. The German Chancellor's memoirs brought out the truth. It is difficult to say what will be brought out by the publication of excerpts, paraphrases, and vague allusions from the seized Papal documents, in this or that newspaper, save increased bitterness of party feeling and the appearance of a whole crop of personal enmities such as arose from the Dreyfus case. To attain truth in France you must *chercher la femme;* to conceal truth you must *chercher le cahier* or *le dossier*. The *Figaro* will publish facsimiles of two letters written by a well-known ex-Minister to a celebrated leader of the Extreme Right showing that the Government was courting the Vatican. Thereupon the *Matin* will declare, on the word of an "anonymous authority," that it understands the writer of the letters to have been Monsieur Dupain, and the *Aurore* will retort that the letters as photographed were stolen and incomplete, and that if published in their "integrity," they would throw quite a different light upon the matter. Duels follow as a matter of course, and in the

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Chamber, Clemenceau is accused of selling the country to England, and in turn accuses M. Delcassé of selling it to Germany and the Pope. The full horror of the battle comes later, after a general amnesty has been published, in the form of a flood of *Mémoires intimes* and *Pièces justificatives*.

It is hard, indeed, that a German Imperial chancellor and an Italian minister of foreign affairs cannot meet for a pleasant two-hours' chat without being suspected of discussing the Hague Conference or the Triple Alliance. The latter topic, according to general opinion, would seem to have been the principal subject of the recent conversation between Prince von Bülow and Signor Tittoni. We are told that the existence of the Triple Alliance is threatened by growing dissension between Italy and Austria, and indubitably the events of the last few years have tended both to sharpen the feeling of reciprocal distrust and to remove the necessity of Italy's clinging to a partner she detests, by bringing her into vastly improved relations of amity with France. The riotous attacks on Italian university students at Innsbruck of some years ago are not forgotten in Italy; in the near East her aspirations are in conflict with those of Austria-Hungary; and very recently there have been reports of actual alarm felt in Italian Government circles at Austria's military preparations on her southwestern frontier. Recently published revelations dealing with the origins of the Triple Alliance have shown us that England's acquiescence in its provisions, in so far as they affected the Mediterranean balance of power, was one of the reasons which made Italy accept the alliance. With England so decidedly on the side of France, the situation for Italy must also change.

With the opening of what promises to be a prolonged agrarian debate, the Russian Duma has entered on that "constructive" programme of "fruitful" legislation to which it has been so repeatedly urged by the Stolypin Ministry. The discussion, it must be confessed, begins under no favorable auspices. Here, as in the question of amnesty, the Ministry has anticipated the Duma's decision by announcing its absolute disapproval of the principle of expropriation on various forms of which the vast majority of the deputies are bent. In other words, no broad solution of the land question is to be attempted, and the peasants are to be satisfied only by means of the present machinery of purchase and resale through land banks, with resort to expropriation in exceptional cases. That the Government should boldly announce its opposition to radical change is in line with the general policy of "strong-handed reform," with greater stress on the adjective than the noun. Perhaps the Duma's conciliatory attitude hitherto has served only to strengthen the Ministry's belief in its power to hold the country in check; or perhaps both the Duma's peaceful attitude and the Ministry's aggressive confidence proceed from a knowledge that the revolutionary zeal is slackening for the time. The dispatches say that the great mass of speakers in the debate are to be peasants "whose remarks will contribute but little to a solution of the question." How old Tolstoy's wrath would kindle at these words; and justly. Poor lawyers and statesmen though they may turn out to be, these peasant debaters ought at least to tell us what is the truth about the agrarian situation.

How serious the situation is in Rumania is indicated by the fact that Conservatives and Liberals in the Chamber of Deputies have agreed to bury their differences in order to make common cause against increasing anarchy. The Conservative Ministry under Cantacuzene has been replaced by a Liberal Cabinet under the veteran Sturdza, who as Premier from 1901 to 1905 was successful in coping with the disastrous results of a great financial crisis which visited the country in 1899, and in re-establishing the finances on a sound basis by dint of rigid economy. The Conservatives, on the other hand, have inclined to a policy of heavy taxation and broad expenditure. The Rumanian Government enjoys a monopoly of tobacco, matches, salt, and playing cards, exacts a direct capitation tax of one dollar and a half per annum, and levies an income tax of 6 per cent. on houses and from 5½ to 12 per cent. on farm property. With a population of some six millions, the nation has a debt of about $275,000,000, or nearly $50 per head. This is just about twice the per capita debt of the United States. The annual expenditure of about $50,000,000 would show the same proportional expenditure as in the United States, for a country whose wealth and resources are so inferior to our own. In other words, the Rumanian peasant would appear to be as heavily taxed as the Russian peasant; and if we add to this grievance the evil of absentee landlordism, we can grasp at least one of the conditions that have led to the present uprising.

Reports of a renewal of Moslem fanaticism in Morocco, directed chiefly against France, raise the question whether that Power, like England, has, as is often asserted, a "Pan-Islamic" problem on its hands. The *Quinzaine Coloniale* presents a condensed report by a French official who devoted the greater part of last year to investigating the situation in the French West African possessions. His conclusion is decidedly in the negative. The religious life among the Mohammedanized negroes is very intense, and the various orders and sects into which they are usually divided play a great part in their daily life; "but to speak of these organizations as secret societies formed with a view towards political action directed against us, is quite false." There is no common action among the great orders, nor do the members of any one order even follow the same political aims. The only danger arises from ambitious adventurers who aspire to establish their fame as *marabouts* or religious leaders, and traverse the country from the Gulf of Guinea to Algeria, claiming the character of *sherif*, or descendant from the Prophet; *wali*, or saint; and *hajj*, one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. These often create trouble. The report continues:

> In general, we may form a just conception of Islam in western Africa by imaging it in a juxtaposition of parishes and dioceses, under the headship of a *marabout*, in the midst of which new parishes and sees are constantly arising.

To the three older sects—the Senussi, the Kadriya, and the Tijanya—the writer adds two new orders—the Ghudf in Mauretania and the Tuhidites in the great bend of the Niger.

In anticipation of the introduction of the new Irish Home Rule bill, Lord Rosebery has set about forming a Liberal "cave." He announces that he will be against any measure establishing an Irish Parliament. This means that he has seen a great light since 1886 and 1893, when he followed and supported Gladstone in advocating such a separate Parliament. There is, however, no likelihood that the proposals of the Government will now go so far as that. The Irish themselves do not expect it. Something like an Irish Council, with an extension of the system of county government inaugurated by the Conservatives, is about all that is expected at present. Even against this mere beginning of Home Rule, however, Mr. Balfour is rallying his party to offer a bitter opposition. In a speech to the Irish Unionists the other day this statesman, so mildly philosophical as a rule, indulged in violent language. He spoke of "the criminal legislative conspiracy" of the Liberals, in connection with the Home Rule bill. Just what he meant is not clear; but apparently he dreaded the passage of a moderate Home Rule bill by the Commons, then its throwing out by the Lords, and thereafter a heightened agitation for the reform or abolition of the upper house, in which the Tories are so securely entrenched. But if the country really loves the Lords and the Tories, the Liberals would simply be rushing on their own ruin, and there would be no occasion for Mr. Balfour to get so excited.

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NEW AUTHORS OF PROSPERITY.

Embittered railway men and their newspaper backers are now following a course singularly like that of arrogant high-tariff beneficiaries. They speak apprehensively and resentfully of legislation to regulate railroads, on the ground that it is a direct blow at our sacred prosperity. The tactics seem familiar. We are favored with tables showing the enormous amount of money invested; we are pointed to the vast interests wrapped up in our railway systems; we are asked to gaze upon the huge monthly pay-rolls and the great army of employees, and then the question is asked, "What condemnation can be too severe for the man or party that would imperil the ongoing of an industry so vital to the national well-being? Do you not see that American prosperity is at stake?"

At the hands of protected manufacturers, we have been long accustomed to this line of argument. It has often been put in the most brutal form. When Republicans in Massachusetts, whether disgusted at the blind and porcine greed of the extreme high-tariff men, or prompted by an enlightened desire to put fresh life into their own manufactures by admitting raw materials free, have spoken up for tariff reduction, the angry cry has come from Pennsylvania and Ohio: "Stop that, unless you want to see grass growing in the streets of Boston!" To-day, we are beginning to hear the same raucous voices on the part of railway magnates. "Why, we are the true authors and upholders of the unprecedented prosperity of this country, and dare you level an accusing finger, or direct a restraining statute, at us?"

This is a new use of prosperity as a fetich—something to conjure with, something by which to excite unreasonable prejudice and provoke the worst passions of the human breast. There is a sense in which, unfortunately, our national prosperity has become like the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians. We shout about it in the market-place for the space of two hours, if anybody undertakes to do anything which can be alleged to be in despite of our prized idol. We make this a convenient substitute for calm reason. Hysterically to affirm that prosperity is in danger, has been the only political or moral argument needed. It has stayed the hand of all Republican tariff-reformers, from Roosevelt down, these many years. It has killed treaties and blocked reciprocity arrangements. No wonder that the railway interests would like to annex so potent a political force. It is evident that they are trying valorously to do so by creating the impression that the President's attitude, with such State measures as the Public Commissions bill, pending at Albany, spells panic and points to shrunk markets, closed factories, and political upheaval.

In all this matter we need to keep a steady head and hold an even balance. General prosperity is, or may be made, a great national blessing. If it means increasing comfort and health and opportunity and education for the masses of the population; new leisure and power to drill the raw world for the march of mind; the purification of society and of politics, as men are left more free from the struggle for existence, in order to strive for purer manners and better laws—then abounding prosperity may truly bring joy to the heart of philosopher and patriot alike. But there is another side to it. Mounting wealth may mean declining civic duty. As bank accounts expand, consciences may contract. Prosperity may be made use of to induce men in office to "dodge and palter with a public crime." If this be too much the case; if money-getting and money-keeping be made superior to all questions of public justice, then we are bound to say of a state of prosperity thus perverted to base uses, what Wordsworth said of the insensate rush of Englishmen to be rich, a hundred years ago, "This is idolatry."

We do not believe that railroad managers, or monopolies sheltered by the tariff, have anything to gain, in the long run, by attempting to divert attention from the real issue. To identify their own contentment with the nation's well-being will not long be possible. The question really before us has to do with a sound public policy. Should there be a larger publicity in the management of these great properties, which are defined by the law as affected with a public interest? Should the States take firmer control of the railway corporations which they themselves have created? Ought blackleg methods of railway finance to be brought, not only under a moral stigma, but if possible within the reach of the Penal Code? If we answer all these questions in the affirmative, then there is nothing for it but to press on the movement to secure those public ends. Men who oppose, and who raise the old cry that prosperity is endangered, will also raise the old suspicion that, like the alarmed standpatter, what they really fear to be in danger is their license to prey upon the people.

A NEW STATE'S IDEAS.

Chances to fit out a new commonwealth with appropriate laws and institutions come seldom nowadays. The new Constitution of Oklahoma, drafted by a delegate convention for submission to the people next August, is the first such instrument put together since Utah was admitted, more than ten years ago. If there was ever doubt that the people of Oklahoma have ideas of their own, it was dispelled by the deliberations of this remarkable convention, which sat for 115 days and used up so much of the Congressional appropriation that there is serious doubt whether enough is left to pay for the first State election. Oklahoma's freedom does not broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent, but comes all at once and complete. Few vested rights impede the consummation of projects in which the people believe as a matter of abstract principle. Newspaper dispatches call the new instrument "the only State Constitution to be produced under modern conditions." As a matter of fact, it undoubtedly comes nearer than any other document in existence to expressing the ideas and aspirations of the day.

That Oklahoma would adopt a good many so-called "radical" ideas was, we suppose, generally expected; but the actual performance must surprise every one. It is a bad habit of States, which was pointed out by Mr. Bryce, and has grown much worse since his first visit, to embody ordinary statutory provisions in their Constitutions. "Otherwise," the champions of some particular reform sometimes naïvely say, "they might repeal our law if it didn't suit." If the statements of the local press are to be relied on, the new Oklahoma Constitution is absolutely the longest on record. It is so long that the newspapers seem to have no idea of printing its full text until they are paid for it out of public funds. A considerable proportion of this space is filled with matter which in other States appears in the ordinary session laws. That some stones were rejected by the builder must be admitted. Woman suffrage was defeated by a few votes. Negro disfranchisement and the "Jim Crow" car are not mentioned, because of the fear that a Constitution containing them would not be approved by the President. Our best information is that a determined effort will be made to engraft them after Oklahoma is irrevocably a State.

But no other Commonwealth can longer make a claim to be called "advanced." Oklahoma proposes to equal or surpass each of her sister States in that State's own specialty. The draft contains a prohibitory clause far more rigid than the Maine law, in that it forbids the introduction as well as the sale of liquor. Oregon's latest pattern of initiative and referendum is taken over, with direct primary laws as comprehensive as those of Wisconsin and Mississippi, including a practically popular choice of Senators. Elective State officers are forbidden to succeed themselves, after Missouri's plan for preventing office-holding rings. Railways are to be really kept from owning coal lands, as they are supposed to be in Pennsylvania. An elective State railroad commission, with large powers, follows the pattern of Montana. The books of corporations are to be as accessible to State

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inspection as they are in Texas. Massachusetts is not more hostile to stock-watering. A fellow-servant law, such as is being fought for by labor organizations in many States, is here a part of the Constitution. So far as we know, this is likewise the first to provide in so many words for a two-cent-per-mile passenger fare.

There is an alternative proposition, to be sure, a Constitution on the old-fashioned plan, confining itself to fundamental law and leaving legislative experiments for future lawmaking bodies. This is a sort of minority report drafted by the twelve Republican members of the Constitutional Convention of 112. They intend to make rejection of the comprehensive and idealistic Constitution their party issue, but, as the indications go, with very meagre chances of success.

That the forty-sixth State is going to be in the long run less level-headed than its predecessors there is no reason to suppose. It is inhabited, as the census shows, by the purest native stock to be found anywhere on the Continent. If all the radical features of the Constitution do not work in practice, they can be amended. The real significance of the experiment is that it reverses the ordinary burden of proof, the customary presumptions of politics. What would be elsewhere entrenched interests or specially privileged corporations must take the rôle of innovators. A spectacle more delightful to the Western eye than that of magnates and captains of industry suing for a chance to enter the State is hard to imagine. In the end, however, Oklahoma, toning down its drastic legislation, is likely to arrive at just about the same pitch which her neighbors have attained by laboriously toning-up their statutes.

WHAT WE REALLY ARE.

Concerning "The American Commonwealth," Mr. Bryce said the other day:

> The book was really written by yourselves. It was put together out of many conversations I had, not only with statesmen in the halls of Congress, but at dinner parties, on the decks of steamers, in smoking cars, with drivers of wagons on Western prairies, with ward politicians and city bosses.

The historian of the distant future who shall attempt to reconstruct the archaic civilization of America in the twentieth century will, in lieu of such sources of information, resort to the advertising sections of our magazines. There the higher critic will find revealed a wealth of sociological data which he will regard as all the more valuable because it was the spontaneous expression of a nation's universal needs and characteristics. "Whatever may have been the ideal conditions in life, literature, and art that the early Americans strove for," Professor Toutsavoir of the University of Tananarivo will say, "there can be no doubt that these two hundred time-stained advertising pages of the *Straphanger's Monthly* tell us with infinitely greater clearness what these primitive Yankees really were."

"What was the average size of the American family about the year 1907?" Professor Toutsavoir will ask. And he will answer, "About twelve or thirteen. That fact is clearly established by a succession of full-page illustrated advertisements dealing with the merits of various speaking machines, games, and literature for home reading. The execution, judged by the standard of modern technical attainments, is, naturally, of the crudest; and time, too, has done its destructive work; but the trained eye can still make out a circle of faces ranging from gray-haired age to early infancy, grouped about a phonograph discoursing the sweetest music, to judge from the radiant delight in every countenance. We turn to another scene, entitled 'The Pleasures of Home.' A mechanical piano is sounding one of our own Chopin's marches under the soft touch of a slender young woman in white. A youth with extraordinarily broad shoulders leans against the piano, dreamily studying the upturned face of the player. Behind her, attentively listening, are three young girls, remarkably alike in appearance, the eldest about thirteen, the youngest about nine. In one corner, on the floor, two little boys and a golden-haired infant are busy at their games with building-blocks and picture-books. Watching them fondly we see a matronly looking woman of thirty-five smiling up at a strong-faced, clean-shaven man, some five years her elder. In a cosey nook, half-concealed by curtains, are an aged couple, listening in religious silence. With such evidence before us we may be certain that the whole outcry about race-suicide which has come down to us from the writers and politicians of that time had no other basis than a desire for notoriety and public office."

What were the chief occupations in those days? Professor Toutsavoir will answer his own question: "First, the painting of cottage roofs and varnishing of house floors and furniture. One industry was completely monopolized by men; the other seemed largely in the hands of the women. Contrary to what is usually believed, the Americans of that period builded for all time and with a sensitive eye for the beautiful. Else what is the significance of these various pigments and stains advertised to keep the roof from leaking for fifty years and not to fade? Nor is there more truth in the accepted belief that the American women of that time were the spoiled creatures of idleness and pleasure. We see them in these same pictures, unmindful of their graciously white fingers, their intricate coiffures, and their exceedingly expensive gowns of silks and lace, engaged in the simple tasks of varnishing the legs of an old piano, restoring a gilt chair to its pristine glitter, or even mirroring their fair faces in the sheen of highly polished oak flooring.

"Second in rank among American industries was the organization and management of correspondence schools. Yankee genius and system had totally dispensed with the need of personal instruction in every branch of knowledge, in every trade and profession. The universities were gradually closed and their faculties were concentrated in two or three great centres, whence by letter, telegraph, and wireless communication they disseminated instruction in law, medicine, music, mind-reading, financial speculation, tunnel-engineering, sermon-writing, executive ability, and horsemanship. Only inferior in importance to the correspondence-school managers were the compilers of voluminous popular histories, literary and natural science 'libraries,' and books of reference. Here again the intense domesticity which was so characteristic of the age finds a striking example. I have before me as I write a picture showing an entire family absorbed in the perusal of ten out of the sixty-eight volumes of 'Stories and Histories of All Ages.' The head of the family, with his faithful help-mate by his side, is reading the story of Paul's journey to Tarsus; two young lads are in the midst of Hannibal's exploit of tying torches to the horns of a number of infuriated bulls and letting them loose against the Romans; the baby is shrieking with delight at a picture of a hunter proudly erect among the carcasses of a large number of huge Rocky Mountain grizzlies.

"As to the philosophical beliefs of the early Americans, only a word can be said, or, for that matter, need be said. In their thoughts and their actions they were purely monistic; that is, they were impressed by the essential unity which rules in the universe. This is shown particularly by their inclination to find a remedy for all human ills, political, social, or bodily, in a single principle. There was a very large school, for instance, which believed that sin might be banished and death indefinitely postponed by adopting an exclusive diet of peanuts and grape-fruit; and some extremists within the school even asserted that to eat both peanuts and grape-fruit was irrational dualism, and so went in for peanuts alone, dubbing their opponents 'pragmatists.' Others gave their adherence to uncooked cats, others to all-wheat bread, others to dried figs, others to bananas, others to buttermilk, and so on. This absolute insistence on unity of purpose and aim has come down to us classically embodied in the pregnant saying attributed by

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some to the semi-mythical Nebraska Man, by others to the poetess who called herself the Girl from Paris: 'I want what I want when I want it.'"

IS LITERATURE THE FOE OF ART?

Ever since Manet and the Impressionists came to their own we have had it dinned into us that to be literary is about the most despicable quality in painting or sculpture. This has become the very gospel of the studios. Atmosphere is held to be the only thing really worth painting, linear pattern or balance of color blots the only grace admissible. Such exaggeration was inevitable, and in a way salutary, for the painter's art had so fallen that it was necessary to regain consciously and with pain certain rudimentary conceptions of design that at all healthy periods of art had simply been taken for granted. The artist had to assert himself, a little bumptiously perhaps, against the mere illustrator or story-teller.

Inconsistently, these worshippers of pigment and detractors of letters appealed to precedent. Let us imitate the unfettered fantasy of a Giorgione, they said. Let us emulate the wilder inventions of the Gothic masters. Now, recent investigation has shown that not only the exuberant geniuses of the Italian Renaissance were in league with literature, but actually submissive to it. Herr Wickhoff has taught us that we must interpret the fantasies of Titian and Giorgione in the light of well-known Latin texts. We have learned that Botticelli must be regarded as in a fashion the illustrator of Poliziano and Leon Battista Alberti, while even the most savage and personal compositions of a Piero di Cosimo were dictated, stroke by stroke, by the hexameters of Ovid. And the artists of the revival did but imitate their mediæval predecessors. For every composition on stone or plaster it is safe to assume that there is a corresponding text. Every month some new parallel comes to light. Moreover, learned men intervened directly to see that the texts were scrupulously followed, nay, frequently prescribed the entire scheme. One reads, for example, that when Matthieu de Layens, architect of the splendid Hôtel de Ville of Louvain, asked instructions as to the reliefs on the bases of the statues of the façade, he was referred to a learned cleric and to a Dominican master in theology.

The result of such collaboration between bookmen and artists seems—surprisingly in view of current theories—to have been only beneficial to art. The painters and sculptors found in such definition of their themes not an embarrassment, but a steadying force—a point of departure sometimes for the loveliest and most solemn inventions the world has known. We are assured, indeed, that the artist prevailed in such case only by evading the conditions of his theme, and at certain periods this has been true; but nobody will, we imagine, assert that Giotto was a great decorator, in spite of the Bible and the Franciscan legend, or that the so-called allegories of Titian are beautiful in spite of the advice he got from his Humanist associates. The fact is quite the opposite. These subjects afforded a friendly soil in which the flower of visualized invention grew lustily. It is the absence of legend and tradition, the failure of all guiding principles except the love of landscape, that makes our art, with all its technical finesses and its experimental audacities, seem small and incomplete in comparison with the great art of the past.

It is unlikely, of course, that the alliance between letters and the representative arts can ever be renewed on the old terms. The artist will hardly again accept a position of tutelage, and, indeed, the right of letters to assume the superior position is by no means so clear as it formerly seemed to be. But just because the artist to-day stands on his own feet and takes orders from no one, it is doubly incumbent on him to enrich his store of visual impressions with those of the mind's eye. It is noteworthy that, the landscapists apart, the most inventive painters of the century just passed have gladly accepted the aid of literature. We find a Delacroix, a Burne-Jones, a Puvis de Chavannes, all fervent lovers of history and legend; while Watts, about the only painter of the century who made allegory mean anything vital, insisted ever that he was a painter of ideas; in other words, associated his work with that of the littérateur. These artists, if not in their narrower practice, at least in their course of life, may well serve as a model for the young lions of to-day. Not by denying himself the use of any faculty does the artist become great, but by cultivating all harmoniously and making all minister to the perceiving eye and recording hand. Books will no longer serve as a repertory in the old sense—for the temper of the age is no longer iconographic; but they will as ever powerfully stimulate the creative spirit. Even more, perhaps, the association of artists with literary men is likely to be, if only incidentally, helpful to their art. Mind stuff is, after all, a transmutable substance, and there may well be a point at which beautiful invention in whatever medium finds a common focus. The late Eugène Carrière, one of the most remarkable examples of the ratiocinative artist, used to say that "to the literary man ideas suggested forms; to the artist forms, ideas." The epigram hints at what one art may supply to the other, the representative arts deterring the writer from too vague an indulgence in meditation, the literary arts similarly emancipating the sculptor or painter from too barren and unintellectualized an exercise of vision.

Is it not time for us to reject the cant that what is good for every other human being is bad for the artist? There is a law of sacrifice in all success, but shall we contend that what enriches the personality in every other capacity cripples it before canvas or clay? When this seems to be the case, as it did with a whole generation of trivial anecdotalists and pompous aspirants to the academic honors, the trouble has been not too much literature, but too little art. An illiterate Meissonier or Gérôme would have painted no whit better, but probably far worse. We must admit that many persons with but the slightest artistic vocation—and possibly with the literary temperament—have tried to be painters and sculptors to the sorrow of us all. But against such misfits there is no immunity in any calling. Surely, no one who is born an artist need fear to compromise his gift by much reading and association with the makers of books—unless, indeed, he would deny that brains may still profitably be mixed with pigment.

BRUNETIÈRE AND HIS BOOKS.

The library of the late Ferdinand Brunetière, as we have already noted, is offered for sale; and an American has attempted to buy it for Harvard. Piqued by such presumption, Victor Giraud has written to *Figaro* with the avowed purpose *d'inspirer à quelque bon Français le désir efficace de retenir chez nous ce véritable trésor national.* M. Giraud describes this library—which contains twelve or fifteen thousand volumes—as skilfully chosen, patiently assembled, ingeniously classified, and, above all, in the case of a great number of the books, interestingly annotated. Brunetière, it seems, was a lover of beautiful books, elegant bindings, and rare editions. He had the collector's taste, though, we infer, he was too well balanced to let that taste run into madness. He belonged, according to M. Giraud, to the tribe of Sainte-Beuve and Silvestre de Sacy. His intellectual range was almost encyclopædic. Theology, history, philosophy, æsthetics, science, the classics, and modern belles-lettres—in all these subjects he found food for his mind. He had many first editions; indeed, he used to say that it is in a first edition that you see a writer face to face; in later editions you come to him through the medium of his publishers and editors; you are at least a step removed. He preferred Corneille in the edition of 1663, the Montaigne of 1588 or 1595; and in his view the most beautiful Ronsard is that of 1584. When we learn that most of the books over which he displayed such enthusiasm are in his own library, we can see why French bibliophiles

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tremble lest Americans shall carry off the *trésor national*.

There are also volumes whose price in the market would probably be far lower than the price of such rarities as we have just mentioned, but whose value to a critic and a student of literature might be far greater. For example, there is the "Tableau de la poésie française au seizième siècle," with all the manuscript corrections and additions that Sainte-Beuve had prepared for a new edition. There is also a copy of Pascal's "Pensées," which Sainte-Beuve, according to his habit, had liberally annotated in the margins. These notes, M. Giraud assures us, are no less interesting than those of Sainte-Beuve on La Bruyère, which have been deemed worthy of publication.

But better than all are Brunetière's own marginalia. We have no patience with the impertinent scribblers who deface the books of public libraries with their silly comment. Nothing exasperates a sane reader more than to be interrupted by such childish irrelevancies. But the passing reflections of a Sainte-Beuve or a Brunetière are a different thing. These men of letters were accustomed to read with pencil in hand, underlining striking passages, and jotting in the margin the ideas which the reading suggested. Here you have a critical article in the making, "Les livres annotés de Ferdinand Brunetière," says M. Giraud, "sont comme le prolongement de son œuvre et de son action." In hastily scribbled words, which often appear so casual and disconnected, one may yet perceive the development of Brunetière's thought, of his critical principles, and of those convictions which made him—like Burke of a century before, and yet so unlike—one of the great pleaders for conservatism and the established order. The volumes which M. Giraud cites as of special significance are those of Bossuet, Vinet, Fromentin, Taine, Renouvier, Eugène Burnouf, De Maistre, and Renan.

The annotations on Renan's writings are perhaps the most illuminating; for there, according to M. Giraud, one can trace the principal steps in the religious and moral evolution of Brunetière. When Renan, in his "Histoire des origines du Christianisme," asserts that one finds in the books of the Buddhists parables of exactly the same tone and *facture* as those in the gospels, Brunetière, defender of the faith once delivered, underlines *exactement*, and writes "C'est ce que je nie!" For some of Renan's fine-spun metaphors Brunetière has nothing but the single harsh word "Galimatias!" Renan's endeavor toward an ingenious and rational explanation of the raising of Lazarus provokes from Brunetière a comment to which rationalists as well as Catholics may say amen: "Deny the whole thing outright and spare us your absurd explanations!"

In this sentence, we cannot but feel, is summed up the attitude of men, like Brunetière and Newman, who see no half-way house between full surrender to the Church of Rome and blank agnosticism. In the "Apologia" Newman laid before us the slow movement of his mind from Anglicanism to Catholicism. Once started in that direction, he saw no place to stop till he reached the end. The other way lay religious and moral anarchy, the destruction of the bonds which hold society together—madness. The parallel between Brunetière and Newman we need not press closely; but if M. Giraud has not read into these scattered phrases pencilled in the books of Renan a deeper meaning than they can bear, they are the raw material of Brunetière's "Apologia." He and minds like his must repose in a positive and external authority; he would look beyond himself and his narrow experience for the Great Imperative. From the philosophizing that resolved the God of Israel and of Christendom into a myth, the mere vision of a poet, or the hero of a folk-lore tale, he shrank with dread. Penetrated as he was with this conviction that outside the pale of orthodox belief all things were, as Thomas à Kempis has it, "full of trouble and unrest," he could look upon the "rational" explanation of miracles as only a paltering with the eternal verities. Lazarus rose and Christ rose; or else we and our creeds are such stuff as dreams are made of; and our little life is rounded with a sleep. It is because Brunetière can gather into a few poignant words the argument of a volume and the position of a whole school of thinkers that his annotated library may indeed be a national treasure.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In two sessions on April 8, the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell the autograph collection of John D. Crimmins, the most notable offering of autographs in New York in a long time. The most important single feature is the complete set of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The series of fifty-six pieces, of which thirty are full autograph letters, signed, and only two (Lynch and Gwinnett) are cut signatures, will be sold as one lot. Many of the specimens are very fine. The series of governors of New York is very long, beginning with a D. S., dated 1664, of Peter Stuyvesant. A number of scarce names are included, among them Sir Richard Nicholls (the first English governor), Jacob Leisler, Henry Sloughter (who served for four months only), Benjamin Fletcher, Lord Cornbury, Rip Van Dam, and Sir William Tryon (the last colonial governor). The mayors of New York city form another interesting series. Among other American autographs are Daniel Boone, a characteristic and interesting A. L. S.; Thomas Jefferson, a fine letter on the question of freeing the slaves; Gen. Henry Knox, A. L. S., referring to the evacuation of New York by the British; Lafayette, a fine A. L. S., three pages, 4to, to Thomas Jefferson; Gen. Richard Montgomery, A. L. S., his last letter, written on the night of December 31, 1775, before his attack on Quebec; William Penn, A. L. S., to the President and Council of Pennsylvania; Washington, a three-page memorandum in his autograph, being a plan for attacking the British in New York; Lincoln, a fine one-page war letter, dated Executive Mansion, May 27, 1861; letters of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Longfellow, Lowell, etc. The evening session is devoted to foreign autographs, royalty, famous English and Continental statesmen, authors, actors, and scientists. Two letters of Robert Burns to John Richmond, when Burns was expecting to sail for America to escape imprisonment, are among the most interesting. The series of autographs of Popes and Cardinals of the Catholic Church is very unusual.

On April 11 and 12, two sessions each day, the Anderson Company will sell Part V. of the library of Wilberforce Eames. This section includes the history, languages, literature, religion, ethnography, folk-lore, etc., of western, central, and northern Asia and Egypt. The catalogue has been well prepared, and specialists will find many books which seldom turn up in an American auction room.

On April 9, 10, and 11 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company offers some rare items. Among the early English books are two copies of "Paradise Lost," first edition, one with the fourth title, 1668, the other with the fifth title, 1669; "Paradise Regained," 1671, first edition; "England's Helicon," 1600, a collection of verse by various authors, ascribed to the editorship of John Bodenham, of which no copy seems ever to have been sold at auction in this country; Brathwaite's "Barnabee's Journal," the extremely rare first edition, printed about 1648, probably the Foote copy, which sold for $200 in 1895; Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals," both parts, 1613-1616; Chapman's "Epicede, or Funerall Song on the Death of Prince Henry," 1612, as usual lacking the plate of the hearse; Samuel Daniel's "Works," 1602, his "Civile Wares," 1609, and the "Whole Works in Poetrie," 1623, all fine copies; Drayton's "Poems," Smethwicke's edition, about 1619; also his "Battaile of Agincourt," 1627, the latter in the original vellum; Lilly's "Sixe Court Comedies," 1632; Spenser's "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," 1595, and "Complaints," 1591, both good copies; Sir John Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea," 1646, first edition; and plays by Jonson, Middleton, Dryden, etc. The early printed books are numerous and important, including an uncut copy of Juvenal, Milan, 1476; two early books on music, Martinez's "Arte de Cantollano," Zaragoza, 1508, and Gafurius's "Regii Musici," 1518; and books from the presses of Aldus, Elzevir, and Bodoni. First editions of eighteenth and nineteenth century English writers include Coleridge's "Poems on Various Subjects," 1796, first edition; Cowper's "Olney Hymns," 1779, first edition; Goldsmith's "Retaliation," 1774; and "The Haunch of Venison," 1776, both first editions and both rare; a number of first editions of Pope; Tennyson's "Poems," 1842, boards, uncut; and a set of the yellow covered Miscellanies by Thackeray, all first editions. The auto-

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graphs include an L. S. of Washington; an A. L. S. of Nicholas Bacon, the instigator of Bacon's Rebellion; an autograph receipt for fifty ducats by Raphael for painting done in the Vatican; a series of autographs of the Presidents, mostly full autograph letters, signed, including Washington, Lincoln, and Taylor.

On April 10 and 11, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of Major William H. Hodgkins of Somerville, Mass. The collection relates mainly to the civil war, and includes a remarkable series of eulogies on Lincoln, books on slavery, books printed in and relating to the Confederate States, and regimental histories, especially of Massachusetts.

At an auction at Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's, London, March 16 and 17, Pope's "Dunciad," 1728, first edition, brought £55; the Kelmscott Chaucer, bound by Cobden-Sanderson, £61; the original manuscripts of Bret Harte's "The Devotion of Henriquez," "Barker's Luck," and "Susy," £82; Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, first edition, imperfect, £100; Ben Jonson's "Celestina," 1631, with his autograph, £50; a fifteenth century breviary on vellum, £70; Shelley's "Queen Mab," 1812, first edition, £53; "Adonais," Pisa, 1821, £92; Shakespeare's Second Folio, 1632, Aspley imprint, £220; "King Glumpus," 1837, £153; "The Exquisites," 1839, £76. Both these rare volumes were illustrated by Thackeray, and the text was formerly attributed to him; but it is now believed to be by the late John Barrow. A copy of "King Glumpus" brought £101 in 1906; and of "The Exquisites," £58 in 1898.

First editions of German authors have not run a sensational course in the market, but the tendency is upward, as a few comparative auction prices will show. Brentano's "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" has passed from 95 to 220 marks in three years; Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," from 115 to 160; Goethe's "Goetz," always a rare item, from 310 to 570; "Hermann und Dorothea" from 54 to 85; Schiller's "Don Carlos" from 46 to 190, and the famous first edition of "Die Räuber" from 405 to 2,650 marks, for an uncut copy last winter.

Correspondence.

FRIEDRICH BLASS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For many years I have been honored with the friendship of Prof. Friedrich Blass of Halle, and I should like to add to your words of appreciation of his work. He was one of the most incisive, independent, and learned of the classical philologists of Germany. No living scholar has published so many important volumes, covering so large a part of the field of Greek philology. He studied at Bonn in the great days of Welcker, Otto Jahn, and Ritschl, and received his degree of doctor of philosophy when he was only twenty years old. His dissertation treated of the rhetorical works of Dionysius of Halicarnassus—the first fruits of researches in a field where he has been the chief authority for forty years. He did more than any one else to call attention to the important observations and principles of the ancient rhetoricians.

From the study of rhythms, he became a leader in the investigation of the principles of Greek metres. His doctrine of rhythms led him to more changes in the texts of the Greek orators than his colleagues generally have approved, yet in most matters his philological judgment was eminently sane. For instance, his treatise on the pronunciation of Greek was the first sensible and learned treatment of this subject since the sixteenth century. For more than a third of a century this has been the standard authority on the matter. His revision of the first half of Kühner's "Greek Grammar," in two large volumes, presents the linguistic facts clearly, accurately, and almost completely.

For the study of the Greek Testament, Blass did more than any other classical scholar since the time of Lachmann of Berlin, seventy years ago. His grammar of New Testament Greek (which has been translated into English), while not so voluminous as its two chief earlier rivals, yet contains more exact and valuable information than they, with regard to the language. In a philological edition of The Acts of the Apostles, he called attention to the importance of the Cambridge Codex Bezæ, and the discussion thus begun has not ended yet. A critical edition of the Epistle to the Hebrews was intended chiefly to show that the author of that letter was attentive to rhetorical rhythms.

By his success, many years ago, in deciphering the papyrus fragments of an ode by Alcman, which had baffled all his predecessors, Blass gained fame as a paleographer. This fame has been increased by his work on Aristotle's Constitution of Athens and on the Odes of Bacchylides—both, as your readers will remember, recovered from the tombs of Egypt in recent years. Of the Constitution of Athens he succeeded in reading an important page or two, which were thought to be irretrievably lost; and probably no one but the original editor, Dr. Kenyon, has done more than he to determine the proper order of the many fragments in which the manuscript of Bacchylides was found. A British scholar said that Blass seemed to know by intuition the proper place for each fragment of Bacchylides. But when this remark was quoted to Blass, he shook his head gravely and said that it was not intuition at all, but *very hard work*. He had committed to memory the twelve or thirteen hundred verses of Bacchylides, carefully observing all lacunæ, and had memorized also the forty or fifty fragments for which no place had been found. This was a difficult matter, since many of the fragments were not long enough or broad enough to contain any independent sense. These fragments revolved in his brain, and each was tried in one connection after another until it had found its proper resting place. Blass had "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Naturally, after his work on Alcman, Aristotle, and Bacchylides, he has been the chief classical adviser in the publications of the Græco-Roman Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund. Never has his brain seemed more fertile than of late. Within the last two years he published a revision of his edition of Andocides, with critical apparatus; a work on interpolations in the "Odyssey," in which he argued strongly for the unity of composition of the poem; and an edition of the "Choephoræ" of Æschylus, with critical and exegetical commentary. A similar edition of the "Eumenides" of Æschylus is in the press. If one should reckon new editions, in which a work has been reset, Blass has published on the average a volume a year, since he took his doctor's degree, for forty-five years.

Since he has been at Halle, he has been in rather close connection with American scholarship, for no German university but Berlin could draw more American classical scholars than Halle, with Blass, Dittenberger, Wissowa, Robert Bechtel, and Edward Meyer in its faculty. Blass had a kindly, generous spirit. Though his views were clearly formed and expressed, he seems never to have been engaged in bitter controversy. No scholar has been more frank in acknowledging his errors—which he could well afford to do. He passed away quietly in the night following the close of the winter semester, having concluded his lectures that day, and having spent the evening with a company of friends.

The family of Professor Blass would be glad to dispose of his library in bulk to some American institution of learning. Any inquiries on this subject may be addressed to Frau Professor Blass, Lafontaine strasse 17, Halle, Germany.

Thomas D. Seymour.

Yale University, March 28.

THE ALTAR TO THE FATHERLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reference to your comment in to-day's issue of the *Nation* concerning the monument now in process of construction upon the Capitoline Hill, permit me to add that there is still hope of an adherence to the original plans of Sacconi, whose untimely death was the sole spur to this piece of jobbery. The Florentine weekly, *Il Marzocco* of March 17, gives a full account of a recent meeting held at Florence of the Leonardo da Vinci, a society for the furtherance of art and humanistic study. This indignation meeting was made memorable by the attendance of an imposing number of artists, scientists, and men of letters. The resolutions of this assembly express at once such complete satisfaction in Sacconi's plans for the great monument and so unanimous a condemnation of the lobbying architects (who hardly waited until Sacconi was dead before they tried to railroad through Parliament a measure to change the first specifications) that it is reasonable to hope for a cessation of the garish works now going forward and for a return to the originally accepted ideas. These, if unworthy of a sternly classic taste, are, after all, essentially Roman in their appeal. In one of her characteristic papers upon things Italian Mrs. Wharton holds a brief for the floridly Spaniardized Rome, which is the most obvious of the four Romes that one may come to know and to love. The dignity of the elder age is gone, the noble simplicity of the early Christian period is likewise a thing of the past. Pontifical Rome and latter-day Rome vie with each other in offending every sense save, perhaps, that of proportion. However, it

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may be folly to stand out against Mrs. Wharton's insistence, in which case we may frankly enjoy Sacconi's design for the "Altar to the Fatherland," which, after everything possible is said in its disfavor, is infinitely more beautiful than the proposed substitute.

We trust that the cause of good taste, honesty, architectural consistency, and mere justice to Sacconi's memory—a cause championed so strenuously during these long months by the *Marzocco*—will triumph, and that Florence will, as is her wont, show herself to be on the side of the right.

T. D. B.

Cambridge, Mass., March 28.

A PROTEST FROM ARVÈDE BARINE.

M. LE DIRECTEUR DE LA NATION:

Il me semble qu'il serait digne de la *Nation* de protester contre des mœurs qui ne sont vraiment plus de notre temps. Un éditeur de New York, Edwin C. Hill, vient de publier une traduction anglaise de l'un de mes ouvrages, "Alfred de Musset," sans en avoir demandé l'autorisation ni à moi ni à mes éditeurs, MM. Hachette. En France nous appelons cela un vol. Est-ce qu'en Amérique ces actes de piraterie passent pour honnêtes? ARVÈDE BARINE.

Paris, 16/3/'07.

Notes.

George W. Jacobs & Co. announce the following for publication this spring: "On Art and Artists," by Max Nordau; "The Negro in the South," by B. T. Washington and W. E. B. Dubois; "Judah P. Benjamin," by Pierce Butler; "The Lord's Prayer: a Sonnet Sequence," by F. H. Williams," and "With God in Prayer," by the Rt. Rev. C. H. Brent.

There is to be a new series of religious selections published by Messrs. Jack of London (the American publisher is not yet announced) under the title of "The Library of the Soul." It will include volumes on St. Augustine by the Bishop of Southampton; Thomas à Kempis, by the Bishop of Ripon; St. Francis de Sales, by Mr. Baring-Gould; Savonarola, by Canon Benham, and Cardinal Newman, by Wilfrid Meynell.

When Kipling's "They" was published many readers were curious to know the meaning of "the egg" or colors supposed to be emitted by the soul according to its emotional moods. Such inquirers may be interested to know that John Lane Co. has announced a book dealing with this subject. It is called "Man Visible and Invisible," and contains a series of color plates from the London Theosophical Society.

Zola's early letters, "Lettres de Jeunesse," are to be published within a few weeks.

Albert H. Smyth, with the tenth volume, completes his "Writings of Benjamin Franklin" (The Macmillan Co.). The letters and papers of the last year of Franklin's life possess a pathetic value, but show no diminution in mental power or in breadth of his public interest. His plea for the teaching of English and preservation of the purity of the language, his criticisms on the Pennsylvania State Constitution, and his address to the public from the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery prove this interest. Ten essays of doubtful or unknown dates follow. In the ten volumes the editor has well performed the promises made, for he has given a purer text, a more careful editing, and no little additional matter. His notes have been restrained and intelligent, conveying many a suggestion of the richness of the Franklin manuscripts in the American Philosophical Society. It was not to be expected that he would be able to change materially the broad outlines of Franklin's output, but he has discovered interesting material, located in time and place what was open to doubt, and eliminated what has been erroneously attributed to Franklin. As a result he has superseded former editions of the "Writings," and his work must be regarded as the standard, both in form and matter. The volume has a very full index to the set, and this alone makes it extremely useful. Two portraits of Franklin are given, one being the Earl Grey gift.

More than 350 pages of volume x. are occupied by a "Life" of Franklin. Completeness would be impossible in such space, and Mr. Smyth has given only the outlines of a biography, making his chapters convenient pegs on which to hang material discovered since his earlier volumes were published. Some of this material is very interesting. Franklin's success at the head of the colonial post office is developed from the postal accounts, a success highly commended by his superiors, and justifying the original "purchase" of the position. Of Franklin's nepotism the editor says: "He looked after them all: brothers, and cousins, and nephews, and brothers-in-law drew salutary incomes from public offices." Franklin's own list of his services in the colonial Assembly (pp. 187-196) is very suggestive, and his marginal notes in contemporary political pamphlets are now printed for the first time. For his diplomatic service the Stevens Facsimiles are drawn upon, and the fragments of a diary kept by Franklin only raise a keep regret that the entire record was not preserved. The contents of his wine-vault, his habits of drinking wine, and his correspondence with his woman friends in France picture his social life and the esteem in which he was held. The chapters are rather sketchy and do not hang together well, but they contain original matter and some keen criticism. Several errors in the French printed on p. 327 make the sentences meaningless, and the word *import* on p. 47 should be *impost*, a not uncommon but sometimes misleading error. The French agent mentioned on p. 300 was Bonvouloir.

Prof. William I. Thomas's "Sex and Society" (The University of Chicago Press) is mainly a compilation of articles which have appeared from time to time in the *American Journal of Sociology* and other periodicals. The first paper, on the organic differences in the sexes, paves the way for discussions of such topics as sex and primitive social control, sex and social feeling, the relation of sex to primitive industry and morality, and the psychology of exogamy and of modesty and clothing. The author's thesis, and the particular contribution of his volume at this point, is that while differences in bodily habit between men and women, especially the greater activity of man and the more stationary condition of woman, have had "an important influence on the social forms and activities and on the character and mind of the two sexes," the differences are not to be described in terms of superiority and inferiority, but in terms of "adaptations to different and specialized modes of functioning." The data upon which the conclusions rest, though drawn from a wide area of social observation, are admittedly incomplete; but Professor Thomas is commendably cautious in his inferences, and does not hesitate to point out the weak spots in the chain of evidence. Readers who are not specialists are likely to be most interested in the last two papers, on "The Adventitious Character of Woman" and "The Mind of Woman and the Lower Races." The former is an extremely suggestive discussion of the changes in character and habits which have resulted from the attempt of woman to adjust herself to a social environment dominated by the activities of man; while the latter, rejecting as unproved the assumption that the brain of woman is inferior to that of man, finds in social rather than biological conditions the fundamental reason for the differences in intellectual expression which characterize the sexes. We do not imagine that Professor Thomas holds any brief for the so-called "rights" of woman, but he has certainly put the case in an interesting light.

The Early English Text Society has just sent out four new publications: "The Brut, or the Chronicles of England: Part I. From the Earliest Times to the Battle of Halidon Hill, A. D. 1333," edited by Dr. F. W. Brie; "The English Register of Oseney Abbey, by Oxford, written about 1460," edited by Dr. Andrew Clark; revised edition of "The Book of the Knight of La Tour-Landry, compiled for the Instruction of his Daughters," edited by the late Thomas Wright, and corrected and added to by Dr. Furnivall, J. J. Munro, and Miss Evelyn Fox; and "Mirk's Festial: a Collection of Homilies," edited by Dr. Theodore Erbe.

Railway Routes in Alaska, by Alfred H. Brooks, geologist in charge of the Alaskan division of the Geological Survey, is the subject of greatest interest in the *National Geographic Magazine* for March. He treats his theme with reference to the resources of the country, showing by maps the gold, copper and coal districts. His conclusion is that there is justification for a trunk line from the Pacific seaboard to inland points, with branches and feeders. The estimated cost would be $35,000 a mile. He says, however, "that more facts are needed before scientific deductions can be drawn of the best route *for immediate construction.*" (The italics are his own.) A trip to the remarkable rock of Sigiri in Ceylon is described in her characteristically entertaining way by Miss Eliza R. Scidmore. The frescoes on the face of the rock and the archæological remains on the summit, 600 feet above the plain and accessible only by suspended ladders, give it a peculiar interest. There is a brief account of the three won-

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derful natural bridges in southeastern Utah, with reproductions of oil paintings by H. L. A. Culmer; and a striking series of pictures of the Maoris of New Zealand, in many respects the most remarkable savages with whom the white man has come in contact. In consequence of the report of a French vessel of the discovery, on January 18 of this year, of a reef in the unexplored part of the Pacific where the Levant met her mysterious fate in 1860, immortalized in Dr. E. E. Hale's "Man Without a Country," James D. Hague, who conducted an exploration of this region in the U. S. S. Tacoma in 1904, says that a complete survey of the region should be made in the interests of commerce and navigation.

The Press of the University of Glasgow, represented in this country by the Macmillan Company, has added to its beautiful reprints of the classics of adventure, travel, and discovery, two volumes containing Captain John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," "The True Travels, Adventures, and Observations," and "A Sea Grammar, With the Plaine Exposition of Smith's Accidence for Young Sea-men." By way of preface, there is a brief sketch of the author's life. Captain Smith's works, of so much interest to historians of America and collectors of Americana, had already been accessible in several editions. These volumes, however, with their large, clear type, good paper, and admirable reproductions of maps, illustrations, and title-pages, should find a place in many private and public libraries.

In the same series a single volume is devoted to "The Totall Discourse of The Rare Adventures and Painfull Perigrinations of long Nineteene Yeares Travayles from Scotland to the most famous Kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Affrica," by William Lithgow. The "Totall Discourse," first printed in 1632, was reprinted in 1640, 1682, 1770, and 1814. Since it is therefore out of the market, the new edition is particularly welcome. During the years 1609 to 1629 Lithgow travelled through all parts of Europe, Asia Minor, and northern Africa. According to his own statement, he tramped some 36,000 miles; and he was frequently in peril from storm and shipwreck. In 1620 he was terribly tortured by the authorities of Malaga—an incident which he relates in great detail. His book, written with Elizabethan freedom of speech, contains, together with a good deal of dull description, many interesting sidelights on the social and industrial conditions of the countries which he visited. He speaks always with a furious hatred of Catholics, whom he accuses of every imaginable crime. He is equally furious in his admiration of his native country, Scotland. Here is one of his patriotic outbursts:

> For courteous penetrating lenity; industrious tractability; prompt and exquisite ingeniosity; nobly taught, vivacious, & vertuous Gentility; humane, and illustrious generosity; inviolate, and uncommixed nationall pedegree; Learned, Academicall, and Ecclesiasticke Clergy; for sincere Religion, and devoute Piety; affable and benevolent Hospitality; civill & zealous orders in spirituality; so docible a people to supreame regality; and for true valour, courage, and magnanimity; there is no Kingdome or Nation within the compasse of the whole universe, can excell, or compare with it.

The Senate of Cambridge University, England, accepted in 1904 a benefaction from Dr. Stanton, Ely Professor of Divinity, for the establishment of a lectureship in the philosophy of religion. The first series of lectures, delivered by Vernon F. Storr, on "Development and Divine Purpose," is now published in book form (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Mr. Storr, who is a fellow of University College, Oxford, seeks to reconcile the ideas of purpose and evolution and to find the larger truth to which both Paley and Darwin contribute.

An endeavor altogether deserving of commendation is the reprint of Benjamin Jowett's essays on New Testament subjects, including the well-known essay, "The Interpretation of Scripture," from "Essays and Reviews," fifth edition, 1861, and the "Dissertations" from the "Epistles of St. Paul" (1859) ("The Interpretation of Scripture and other Essays." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Sir Leslie Stephen's discerning and appreciative paper on "Jowett's Life" from the *National Review* of 1897 forms the preface to the volume. The book is a model of the publication of valuable material in convenient form at a remarkably low price.

"Heroines of French Society in the Court, the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration," by Mrs. Bearne (E. P. Dutton & Co.) contains sketches of the lives of four women: Madame Vigée Le Brun, La Marquise de Montagu, Madame Tallien, and Madame de Genlis. Scraps of contemporary history are interwoven; a number of photogravure portraits are scattered here and there; and the whole makes a fairly readable volume. One cannot help wondering, however, at the title; for no real heroine appears anywhere. These four women, living in times of much trial, arouse our sympathy, but not for any especially heroic act or even patient endurance beyond what might be seen in studying the lives of many others less prominent socially. Indeed, the book strikes one who is at all familiar with the period as a patchwork affair in which the heroic ladies have, after all, but little part. As an historical study the work has little value; as a group of biographical sketches it adds nothing to what has already been published in a much more useful and entertaining fashion.

The second volume of Ferdinand Brunot's monumental "Histoire de la langue française" (Paris: Armand Colin), a massive and handsomely printed tome of over 500 pages, deals with the sixteenth century. This was a critical period for the language, for then it was that French took the place of Latin as a scientific and literary tongue. It had to pay a hard penalty for its promotion, becoming a prey to grammarians, theorists, and Latinizers; but such was its native vigor that it issued from the trial fundamentally unaltered, save for such changes in sound, inflection, and syntax as came in the natural course of evolution. It may seem astonishing that the encroachment of the vulgar upon the scholastic idiom should have occurred at the very height of the revival of learning; but in reality this movement favored the substitution, for the new scholarship raised the standard of classicism so high as to carry Latin beyond the possibility of everyday use, while the general thirst for knowledge and the increasing abundance of things to say imperatively demanded a rich and familiar medium. How French fought its way through the obstacles of prejudice and tradition, penetrating the various sciences—medicine, mathematics, philosophy, history, and even rhetoric and oratory—making itself a place in schools, and attaining a hitherto unknown glory in literature, is told in detail by M. Brunot. A language thus exalted must needs have a fixed spelling and grammar; the not altogether futile efforts to unify and simplify the orthography make instructive reading for latter-day reformers; and the endeavor to classify and regulate the phenomena of the living tongue, though not particularly effective, appeals to linguistic collectors of all times. The idea of good usage, based on the practice of educated Parisians, was already making itself felt. Far more important, however, than grammatical or orthographical uniformity was a copious vocabulary; and in this respect the sixteenth century rather overshot the mark. A vast influx of Latinisms, Italianisms, and Hispanisms characterizes the style of this transition period; a large proportion of the newcomers failed to justify their adoption. More interesting, but less successful, was the attempt to utilize in literature archaisms and dialect words and to form new derivatives from the ancient stock. All these topics are handled with masterly clearness by our author. Pronunciation, which, in spite of the numerous elaborate treatises of grammarians, is harder to trace in this century than in preceding ages, is lucidly but concisely treated. Inflections are more extensively presented. Full, also, is the discussion of syntax, that part of language in which the Latinizing tendency of the time made the deepest impression.

A number of friends and former pupils of the late Professor Alexandre Beljame have decided to set up in the Sorbonne a medallion in memory of him. Few Frenchmen have written of English literature with such minute knowledge and sympathy, and possibly a stray scholar here and there in this country may wish to contribute to the memorial. Communications may be addressed to M. Clermont, professeur au lycée Janson de Sailly, 20, rue Scheffer, Paris.

In connection with the first centennial anniversary of the University of Berlin, to be celebrated in the autumn of 1910, for which an elaborate programme is already being prepared, a monument will be unveiled to the memory of its first rector, the great philosopher, Johann Gottlieb Fichte. A committee, with the Imperial chancellor, Von Bülow, as its president, has published an appeal for funds for this purpose.

Plans for the establishment of a permanent museum of library aids and supplies at the headquarters of the American Library Association in Boston, are progressing rapidly, and already more than fifty libraries are represented in the collection. With a view to making the collection of value, not only to those who can visit the museum, but to the whole country, the committee in charge is urging all libraries to send their samples in duplicate so that travelling collections may be sent to library schools, associations, and clubs, and to newly organized libraries.

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STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

Frederick York Powell. A Life and a Selection from his Letters and Occasional Writings. By Oliver Elton. 2 vols. New York: Henry Frowde. $7.

In a little fragment of autobiography John Addington Symonds says: "I have never been able to take literature very seriously. Life seems so much graver, more important, more permanently interesting than books. Literature is what Aristotle called διαγωγή, an honest, healthful, harmless pastime." Whether or not we approve this sentiment, it should be kept in mind when considering the career of York Powell. Under modern conditions almost every Regius professor of history at Oxford is an author. As a rule it is by the production of books that one lays claim to the chair which within recent memory has been filled by Goldwin Smith, Stubbs, Freeman, and Froude. Save under exceptional circumstances, no man need apply who has failed to publish *une œuvre de longue haleine.* Lord Acton at Cambridge and York Powell at Oxford were both exceptional personages who had broken through the customs of academic procedure and established themselves in a seat sacred no less to literature than erudition. Of the two cases Powell's was the more unusual. Lord Acton, though his writings were scattered and fugitive, had claims which no reasonable being could have questioned for a moment. Apart from his extraordinary learning, he knew modern politics and diplomacy at first hand, was the trusted adviser of Gladstone, the pupil of Döllinger, an aristocrat who was both scholar and man of the world. But Powell, prior to the moment when he succeeded Froude, had only been a law lecturer at Christ Church and a colleague of Vigfússon in editing or translating sagas. Save for a few boyish articles and multitudinous book reviews, his chief contribution to historiography is represented by a single volume, covering but a portion of English history and intended for the use of middle forms in schools. It was neither from lack of knowledge nor lack of power that Powell wrote so little. He seems to have felt with Symonds that life means much more than books.

The present memoir is clever and interesting, but somewhat too diffuse. In the main Mr. Elton has sought to make Powell interpret himself through his correspondence. But the biographer's own contribution is not slight, and he has brought together from Powell's friends many tributes to the richness and generosity of a nature which largely found expression through friendship. We do not wish to damn Mr. Elton's part of the work with faint praise. Much of it is very clever indeed. But we feel sure that self-denying compression would have lent greater impact and enabled the average reader to take away from the book a clearer conception of the character therein revealed. The point, however, is one which we do not care to dwell upon, since the memoir exactly as it stands is a valuable, vivid record of a life which deserves to be held in memory and honor.

The element represented by narrative and episode is slight. Powell was born at the beginning of 1850 in Woburn Place, Bloomsbury, under the shadow of the British Museum. His father, a provision merchant, came from South Wales. His mother, an Englishwoman, was the daughter of Dr. James York, who, besides being a skilful physician, was a good Spanish scholar. Powell got his preparatory schooling at Hastings, whence he went for two years to Rugby. At Oxford he was a student of Christ Church, doing nothing spectacular as an undergraduate, but taking his degree with a first class in history and law. Two years afterwards Liddell appointed him to a law lectureship at Christ Church. Having thus gained a definite appointment, Powell proceeded at once to make a love match, choosing for his wife a young widow with two daughters. "He always spoke of this," says Mr. Elton, "as the most fortunate event in his life, and was glad he had gone on his way despite the apparent imprudence." After this, apart from the record of studies and friendships, there is little to tell. During the fourteen years of their married life (1874-88) Powell and his wife had their home on the outskirts of London, the distance from Oxford not proving an obstacle to the performance of college duties. Even after his wife died Powell continued to make his headquarters in London; through this whole period, of course, he had rooms at Christ Church, but he did not transfer his permanent residence to Oxford until 1902, two years before his death. Such, in outline, is the chronology of Powell's career, and apart from matters relating to study or friends or holiday travels, one nearly exhausts the incidents even in this brief survey. It results that Mr. Elton was bound to make his memoir a record of intellectual tastes, and an appreciation of personal traits rather than a narrative of experiences. What York Powell was will forever find its best expression in his letters, and in the glimpses of his character which are here given by his friends.

At the outset we warn the reader that he must be prepared for surprises and paradoxes. For example, every one has heard of Christ Church as the most aristocratic, wealthy, and orthodox college in Oxford. From the fact that Powell for thirty years was connected with this seat of learning one might guess him to have been highly born and a stalwart Anglican. But neither guess would be correct. His family was eminently respectable, but not aristocratic; and as for religion, he styles himself "a decent heathen Aryan." Yet at Christ Church he found himself quite at home, for he had that truest tact which springs from a sense of tolerance and fairness, while his undisguised radicalism did not prevent him from being on excellent terms with the clergy. Mr. Elton says that probably he never once entered the Cathedral at Oxford while a service was in progress, yet Dr. Paget, the present bishop of Oxford, writes:

> It was a true, deep, bountiful heart that his friends knew in him. And the other day when I was trying to see of which graces it might be said that Christianity had either brought them into the world or touched them with fresh light and life, I thought of gentleness as one such grace; and immediately found myself thinking of York Powell.

But here again we must utter a warning, for Powell, though endowed with much true gentleness, was by no means a quiet, saintly, meditative skeptic. There was an abundance of brightness about him. He admired and loved Walt Whitman, he thought the proper function of woman was child-bearing. Powell loved art, set a comparatively slight value upon human life, and had absorbed from his study of the sagas much of their spirit. His temperament to a certain extent is reflected in his prejudices. He disliked Americans, Jews, and learned ladies. But here again his sense of discrimination broke into even the charmed circle of his pet antipathies. "American books," says Mr. Elton, "he reviewed with laborious equity," and he thought Lincoln's Gettysburg speech the best thing in oratory since Pericles. Likewise, despite his objection to learned ladies, he gave at Somerville College lectures which seem completely to have captured the inmates of that institution, though his discourses did not always arouse enthusiasm among Oxford undergraduates.

One could run to great length in illustrating the perplexing attributes of Powell's nature. He was at the outset a fervid democrat with leanings towards socialism, but he had little humanitarian feeling and could watch a bull fight without repugnance. He had a genuine humility, yet it did not prevent him from passing trenchant criticisms upon individuals, any more than his original love of democracy prevented him from becoming a defender of the Boer war and the President of the Oxford Tariff Reform League. Apropos of his growing Toryism in politics, Mr. Elton writes:

> Powell had never been an English Radical. He had always, so far as can be seen, detested and despised Bright and Mill. He only half-liked Gladstone, and could not forgive his desertion of Parnell and his alleged desertion of Gordon. He never liked nonconformists, humanitarians, or preachers of universal peace. Yet he could honor Mazzini and remained, or became once more, an Irish Home Ruler. The truth was that his assortment of opinions was his own; in politics he rode his own course across country, he did not seek a rigid or logical body of articles, he had profound emotions and intuitions, and was little concerned to reconcile them with one another.

These last words, we think, give us the real clue to Powell's character. He was a man of acute perceptions, omnivorous reading, and universal interests. With a mind open to influences from many quarters, he had certain fixed principles, like those which made him aspire to be "a decent heathen Aryan." He also had a few definite prejudices tenaciously held, like those against Americans, Jews, and learned ladies. For the rest, he troubled little about logic or consistency. It was enough to react to the enthusiasm of the moment. His mind never lost its snap through lassitude, and taking up very many subjects eagerly he saw things in high relief. Hence we meet in his correspondence with numerous contradictions on many subjects, identical or closely allied. Beneath all else, moreover, lay a deep kindliness of nature which made him a sure friend in need and led him to mitigate many a strong statement in favor of an individual.

The extent of Powell's erudition created at Oxford a legend of omniscience. Of his conversation Mr. Elton says: "Elizabethan verse, the methods of engraving or enamelling, the character of coming politicians, and the genius of music-hall artists; all

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these might be discussed in half an hour." And the writer of the obituary notice in the *Morning Post* observes:

We have heard him establish a contrast between Walt Whitman and the patriarch Job, in the course of which he spoke of the metrical system of the Psalms and of "Piers Plowman" and made an excursus on the rhythmic scheme of the Song of Solomon. But to what end does one write of what he knew? He will live now only because he made others know.

In the annals of scholarship Powell will be longest remembered for his association with Gudband Vigfússon. Between them the pair created that interest in Icelandic lore which has meant so much to recent students of literature and language. Vigfússon had an unrivalled knowledge of the sagas and their history, but his knowledge of English was not perfect, and he required the stimulus which came to him from daily association with one who, like Powell, had an endless fund of enthusiasm and energy. Apart from the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale," Vigfússon and Powell brought out "Sturlunga Saga" and an "Icelandic Prose Reader." So far as grasp of the subject goes, the elder man was, of course, the more important of the contributors, but Powell, in the course of their labors, developed a talent for vigorous translation and contributed his full share of suggestions regarding the details of the work. His relations with Vigfússon were most delightful, and must have involved a good deal of tact on Powell's part, since the Icelander was both poor and proud. "The wise, good, kindly man is dead," wrote Powell when Vigfússon passed away in 1889, and no shadow seems to have marred a fellowship which lasted for more than twelve years with notable results.

In other fields than that of Scandinavian literature Powell proved himself an accomplished linguist. French, German, Italian, and Spanish he knew from the twelfth century downwards, and his unflagging interest in European literature won him many friends outside England. German sentimentalism he could not abide, and he seldom lost an opportunity to disparage the intellectual ideals of Germany. His warmest sympathies, so far as the Continent is concerned, seem to have gone out to France, where he was prepared to see excellence at all stages, from Paul Verlaine to the École des Chartes.

But despite his wide knowledge of language and literature, Powell was an historian by instinct and profession. His deep and comprehensive interest in all varieties of human experience fitted him to appreciate and understand many aspects of the past which remain unintelligible to those whose knowledge is not tempered by true catholicity of spirit. Mr. Elton fills up his second volume with the more important of Powell's articles and reviews. There can be no doubt that a man of his powers and knowledge deprived the world of important works by expending his energy on other things than monumental research. As Regius professor, Powell neither reorganized historical studies at Oxford nor gave popular lectures to large audiences. Indeed, his classes were very small. But those who came into close personal touch with him through the study of texts felt to the full his power and the richness of his mind. Oxford, which is fastidious, had no doubt about his quality, and the heartiness with which it welcomed his appointment was a real tribute of affection, for Powell was the last man to thrust himself into the front benches.

Of Powell as a delegate of the Clarendon Press or as a member of Christ Church, we cannot now speak. It only remains possible for us to point out that this memoir portrays a scholar whom other scholars, whatever the field of their effort, will recognize as having been a rich, rare spirit. He was not, says Mr. Elton, "a mere jolly professor, learned, domestic, and humane. . . . There was a chemic difference between him and the admirable tribe of such men." Through the spontaneity of his nature, the extent and richness of his learning, the breadth of his outlook, and his genius for friendship, Powell won, and will keep, a high place among the Oxford men of his generation.

The Life of Walter Pater. By Thomas Wright. With 78 plates. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50 net.

Mr. Wright has been drawn by the perilous attraction of dissimilarity to write the lives of several men of sensitive or fastidious mind, whom in temperament he little resembles. In his biographies of Cowper, FitzGerald and Burton we have had a constantly increasing mass of irrelevant photographic detail unrelieved by any real perception of his subject's quality, and now, despite the remonstrances of the closest surviving relatives and friends, he has "taken" the life of Walter Pater. His Preface of a dozen pages affords a pretty adequate taste of Mr. Wright's quality. After paying his respects to the previous biographers of Pater—Ferris Greenslet and A. C. Benson—in paragraphs which have already been sufficiently exploited by the publishers, Mr. Wright passes to the expression of his advantage over "superficial or less privileged writers." He is qualified, he believes, for his "self-imposed task," by being "sealed of the tribe of Dante" in his perception of the relevance of detail. The book, he thinks, "will seem practically an additional 'Marius' or 'Renaissance,'" and he asserts, "It is the kind of work, too (if I may without egotism say so), in which Pater himself would have gloried." Very few, indeed, of Mr. Wright's prefatory promises are made good. Despite his assertion that Pater wrote "an enormous number of letters—as many as four hundred, indeed, to a single friend," he prints not one; the formidable list of Paters that he gives as the source of his information are discovered to be chiefly fourth cousins. It is, by the way, a fair answer to Mr. Wright's charge that Mr. Benson "does not once mention five of Pater's most intimate friends, Dombrain, McQueen, Richard C. Jackson, Richard Robinson, and M. B. Moorhouse," to note that Mr. Wright himself does not so much as mention the name of either Hester or Clara Pater, the sisters to whom "Marius" was dedicated, and with whom he lived for practically all of his days; and finally, as we shall see, it is apparent that J. R. McQueen and Richard C. Jackson, who are respectively the heroes of Mr. Wright's first and second volumes, were men thoroughly out of sympathy with some of Pater's most cherished ideas and could never have been the confidants of that shy and elusive nature.

It may be said categorically that with the exception of one or two points to be noted hereafter, Mr. Wright's two obese volumes bring to light no detail of real biographic significance not to be found in Mr. Benson's volume, and few not adduced in Mr. Greenslet's earlier and briefer study. There is repeated reference to Pater's "plainness," to his reprehensible practice of passing the morning in bed, and to his dislike of snakes; there is an entire chapter on his first attempt to adorn his countenance with a moustache, there are multitudinous anecdotes about persons otherwise unknown to fame who had the advantage of meeting Pater or Richard C. Jackson—but the reader could arise from the closest perusal of the two volumes with little sense of Pater's peculiar and charming idiosyncrasy. It is, in short the failure of the "Boswellian" method in biography when applied by a man who is not a Boswell to a subject not a Johnson.

Mr. Wright's animadversions upon his predecessors in Paterian biography have piqued our curiosity to the extent of making some comparison of parallel passages. The result is rather surprising. A single instance chosen from many will perhaps illustrate sufficiently his method of dealing with the printed sources. In volume i., page 98, Mr. Wright says:

It has been ignorantly alleged by previous writers (and one has followed another like Carlyle's sheep jumping over an imaginary stick) that although Pater's earliest published essays are as mature in style as the author was mature in years, Pater made no attempt to write either as a schoolboy or as an undergraduate. But this is a colossal mistake, for not only was Pater one of the most prolific schoolboy authors who ever lived; but as an undergraduate, he wrote something or other—a poem, a translation, a portion of an essay—almost every day.

In Greenslet's "Pater" (New York, 1903) we find at page 19:

Though none of his undergraduate productions has been preserved, we hear of copious verse translation from Goethe, from Alfred de Musset, and from that fragrant *jardinière* for the perfuming of a young gentleman's style, the "Greek Anthology." A little later there was a time when for months he applied himself daily to the painstaking translation of a page from the prose of Sainte-Beuve or Flaubert, eminent humanists, patient artists with the file, and favored lovers of the proper word. The effect of such labor as this in forming his finished style is incalculable.

In Benson's "Pater" (London, 1906) we read on page 210:

At one time he applied himself daily for some months to translating a page of Sainte-Beuve or Flaubert, and this seems to have been his only exercise.

Mr. Wright has, indeed, swept together some odds and ends of negligible experimentation in both verse and prose, but the impression conveyed concerning them in both his preface and his text savors, as above, a little of disingenuousness.

Of Messrs. McQueen and Richard C. Jackson, Mr. Wright's chief sources of fresh information, little need be said. Mr. McQueen was a school friend of Pater, but, as we learn from Mr. Wright's account, "renounced" him in 1860, owing to his "apostacy" from Christianity, and performed the friendly office of addressing a letter to the Bishop of London protesting against Pater's

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being allowed to take Holy Orders. Mr. McQueen, as Mr. Wright says, has shunned the city's din, and delighted "in remote and sequestered villages and the company of husbandmen and sailors," which would not seem to be the perfect preparation for a sympathetic judgment of so complicated a product of civilization as Walter Pater. Richard C. Jackson, the hero of the second volume of Mr. Wright's work, appears to be a "poet" and "connoisseur." His qualifications for presenting a faithful view of Pater will perhaps be sufficiently evident from this stanza of a poem which Mr. Wright quotes and says was written to Pater in response to a request for a birthday song:

Your darling soul I say is inflamed with love for me;
Your very eyes do move I cry with sympathy:
Your darling feet and hands are blessings ruled by love,
As forth was sent from out the Ark a turtle dove!

The nature and degree of Mr. Jackson's intimacy with Pater is evident from an observation of Mr. Wright's in volume ii, page 91:

Thus it happened that at the very time several other men were turning over heaven and earth in order to get on familiar terms with Pater, Mr. Jackson, on account of pressure of business, was trying by every conceivable means—short of giving offence—to keep Pater at a distance.

Mr. Wright's contention that Richard C. Jackson is the original of "Marius the Epicurean" cannot be taken very seriously by lovers of that marvellous book. Indeed, as we read Mr. Wright's elaborate and minute report of the amenities that passed between Walter Pater and Richard C. Jackson concerning this matter, it is difficult to avoid the conviction that Pater was in his quiet way chaffing him.

Perhaps the most disastrous result of Mr. Wright's dealings with Mr. McQueen and Mr. Jackson is the tone of deprecation and patronage toward Pater that he has drawn from them. If ever there was a biographic subject needing the most delicate sympathy and tact, Pater was that subject. To see him treated as Mr. Wright has treated him through two volumes is peculiarly trying to the nerves. It is not that we do not welcome truth in biography, but that this amassing of irrelevant facts results in producing the effect of a monstrous untruth. The general unfriendliness of Mr. Wright's attitude toward Pater, despite his asseveration that he has for him a sympathy that amounts almost to love, may be seen in this passage concerning his personal appearance, a subject which is mentioned on innumerable occasions throughout the work:

In early portraits of him, taken just after the cultivation of the historical mustache, he has a rather helpless look, nor was he even then at all a strong man. In the portrait taken late in his life by Messrs. Elliott and Frye, he appears, though little over fifty, as bald as a coot, while the mustache has grown heavy and truly Bismarckian. The chin is shaven. He wears a spotted necktie. In these portraits he does not seem so very plain, but the evidence of all who knew him is the other way about; moreover, he himself was well aware of his shortcomings in this respect, and regretted them. He loved pictures; but there was one picture which always gave him pain—the one which he could see any day in the looking-glass.

And yet there is plenty of evidence that despite Pater's heaviness of body there was a certain pleasing delicacy and charm in his appearance for those who came to know him well.

About the only new fact of any significance in Pater's life which Mr. Wright has adduced as the result of his foregathering with Richard C. Jackson, is that of his relation to the so-called "Monkery" of St. Austin's, a group of rich men of high church proclivities who in the later seventies fancied themselves hotfoot on the road to Rome. But the importance of this relation Mr. Wright, it seems to us, very much exaggerates. Pater was never an actual inmate of the establishment, and certainly never went all the way with its tenets. His speculative interest in its proceeding was quite what might be expected of a man who from his first youth had felt himself æsthetically drawn toward "the comely order of the sanctuary, the secrets of its white linen and holy vessels and fonts of pure water." In short, it is a question whether in biography irrelevancy may not be as great a sin as inaccuracy, if, indeed, it be not in itself a most insidious form of inaccuracy.

Of Mr. Wright's critical expressions, there is little need to speak here. Three of his dicta concerning Pater's general achievement and place in English literature will perhaps serve to indicate his critical insight:

No man cares a pepper-corn for his studies of French churches.

He is the grasshopper of English literature. "Thou sippest a little dew," we may say to him, and "Straight thou makest the woods and hills Echo all with thy dulcet trills."

He is the Alma Tadema of English literature.

This notice should not be concluded without some mention of the seventy-eight half-tone plates which Mr. Wright observes in his preface "are of intense interest." Of these, something over a dozen present Pater or places and objects connected with him, twoscore are the counterfeit presentments of the persons unknown to fame to whom allusion has been made above. Twenty-four have to do with Richard C. Jackson, including views of the northeast corner of his drawing-room at Camberwell; of a corner in the gold room at Camberwell; of the northwest corner of the drawing-room at Camberwell; of the southwest corner of the drawing-room at Camberwell; and of his dog "Tiny"; also twelve photographs of title-pages and illustrations to rare books in the library of Richard C. Jackson.

CURRENT FICTION.

Madame de Treymes. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mrs. Wharton's extraordinary mental adroitness and nicety of touch tempt one to think of her as a kind of delicate mechanism which may be counted upon to record with automatic minuteness certain lesser vibrations of the social ether. There is something a little inhuman in this infallible suavity and precision, these infinitesimal modulations within the prescribed and civil range. But this is as it should be with the chronicler of the sophisticated and the well-bred. "Society" would be inhuman if it were perfect, if it were what it tries to be or tries to pretend to be; at the top of its breeding it actually achieves the appearance of inhumanity. But there is, we are told, a comfortable understanding that the appearance is sufficient. "Society," if we are to credit its chroniclers, gives with one hand while taking with the other, its morals being hardly less confessedly aboriginal than its manners are admittedly the very button on the cap of civilization. This compensatory *modus operandi* is observed with eager, if hardly magnanimous, interest by the dweller without the gates. What attraction has the Best Society to offer its public so moving as the spectacle of well-mannered misconduct in the sexual relation? What has it to offer a novelist or a dramatist so taking as the lure of its discreet variations upon the everlasting theme *à trois?* Mrs. Wharton is notably successful in rendering these variations, always with her negligent air of scorning the virtuosity with which nature and hard labor have equipped her.

Unfortunately, it is her fate to interpret episodes and persons in the light of circumstance, instead of employing them to "individualize the universal." It was not hard to understand the failure of "The House of Mirth" as a play. Divested of the accessories with which the novelist's art had surrounded her, Lily Bart was seen to be an insignificant person, suggestive of a large class of insignificant persons, but quite failing to sum them up, to give them significance. It is hard to guess whether this would be true of the figure of Madame de Treymes. This much the reviewer must confess for himself: he began by questioning whether she was a credible Frenchwoman and ended by deciding that she is certainly a credible woman.

She is, according to Mrs. Wharton, the perfect flower of the French tradition. She is surrounded by "an impalpable aura of grace"; her dress, like her manner, is distinguished by "quiet felicity." She is known to be involved in an intrigue with a nobleman, to pay whose gambling debts she has appropriated her brother's as well as her husband's money. Her brother, the disreputable marquis of tradition, has married an American girl, who now wishes to be freed from him so that she may marry an American. Madame de Treymes is asked to use her influence to gain the family consent to a divorce. She agrees on condition that the American make up the sum she has squandered on her lover. At this his sense of decency revolts, and he refuses. Presently she announces the consent of the family, professing shame for her proposal, and accepting the gratitude of the waiting pair. Eventually, after the granting of the divorce, it transpires that the family have from the first intended to consent to it. In outline, you say, it is a sufficiently sordid story, Madame de Treymes bearing a striking resemblance to the stage-worn adventuress of melodrama. Yet in Mrs. Wharton's portrait she is undeniably appealing. She is presented as a sacrifice upon the altar of French society and family convention. Her marriage is prescribed by family, her infidelity is practically sanctioned by her family, her duplicity in the present instance is dedicated to the welfare of the family. "She was simply one particular facet in the solid, glittering, impenetrable body which he had thought to turn in his hands and

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look through like a crystal." "You poor, good woman," says the man as he leaves her. That the phrase does not seem impossible is a sufficient indication of the skill with which Mrs. Wharton has painted her latest portrait of feminine haplessness.

Tiberius Smith. By Hugh Pendexter. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Tiberius is a showman and travelling collector of curiosities for his show. The word "is" is used advisedly, for although when his sixteenth adventure and the book end together he has been abandoned as dead in a Pacific island, there is a reasonable hope that he is not dead, but riding about the island in a mowing machine, lording it over the subjugated natives as a new chief in a man-devouring chariot. His friend and biographer, Billy Campbell, thinks so at least, and means to go some day to the rescue and bring him back. It is only natural that the public should be kept waiting a little for the compilation of exploits that shall be worthy to succeed those of the present volume. Not every day can even a Tiberius Smith play poker with Arctic giants for his own freedom; drive an automobile around the inner rim of a South American crater, quell four lions and two white leopards in a gladiator's ring with ammonia pistols, preside over a Vermont court in a will case, where the testamentary provisions were branded on cows' sides; or frighten away an attacking band of Indian tribes by feeding dynamite to their dogs. For the lover of the circus in literature here are thoughts that breathe; for the collector of the ultra modern and vaudevillainous in slang, words that burn; remain, for the lover of a book in the accepted sense of that word, feelings not fit for publication.

The Long Road. By John Oxenham. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Here is a story of Russia based upon the decree of a tyrant Governor of Irkutsk that a certain resistant to his cruel whims should for punishment wander forever within prescribed provinces of Siberia, staying never more than ten days in any one place. And so it was. The wanderings of Stepan Iline and his household, and all his sufferings, together with his death and his passing into legendary immortality, are told with dire impressiveness by Mr. Oxenham. He makes a note: "The extraordinary decree on which this story was founded is not an effort of the imagination, but simple, historical fact." If not founded on truth, the tale would be unprofitably painful. As it is, the theme may well have been irresistible to the novelist and to the humanitarian. If there are any gleams of hope in Russian skies, Mr. Oxenham makes the most of them. True, he shows how unoffending men may be driven into exile with their families for taking snuff, but equally he points out idyllic happenings by the way, and, even more significantly, the not all dreadful life of Siberia under the ordinary Governor. But Paschkin was of Satan and his ingenuities were diabolic.

The author is artist enough as well as chronicler enough to utilize his chances for contrast. The small home on wheels is, while it lasts, a happy place with the steadfast wife and the merry pair of babies. The child figure of the little Katenka is as real as the tyrant himself and as charming as the blue flowers that she loved to gather. The horses, the tame wolf-cubs, the owl—"little white brother of the woods"—are humanly alive. All these touches, added to the secret service of kindness among the fellow-sufferers from tyranny, do somewhat to relieve the awfulness of the story. The climax, where Stepan renounces the revenge he has lived for, is no less true to nature than dramatic; the choice of the agency that brings about the renunciation a master touch. The tragedy spent and the sacrifice made, the story ebbs through misery as dark as the enfolding Arctic night into its sombre, not all uncomforted end, as quiet as the despairing close of a Greek play of Fate.

Peter Moors Fahrt nacht Südwest: Ein Feldzugsbericht von Gustav Frenssen. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

In "Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest," Gustav Frenssen has hurled the most effective shaft yet directed against the unfortunate campaigns of the Germans in their West African colony. The volume, which narrates in his own simple language the awful experience of a common soldier from North Germany, who volunteered for service, is dedicated to "Der deutschen Jugend, die in Südwestafrika gefallen ist"; it comes with much suggestiveness at the moment when the Government has just published the sum-totals of its dead and wounded. While the tale is, of course, more or less fiction, it is fair to assume that one so conservative as the author of "Die drei Getreuen" had access to many documents, such as letters from soldiers to their homes. Throughout the book the sombre seriousness of Frenssen, so often noted in his "Jörn Uhl" and other works, is manifest; and just as he once brooded over Holstein's melancholy landscape, he now finds unending austerity in the rolling wastes of Africa. Landed on a barren coast with no one to greet them, stuffed like sardines into rickety railway cars that cannot be drawn by steam over the heavy grades unless the soldiers get out and push, baked in the African sun by day and frozen at night, wandering, prospecting, fighting while in search of the main column they are supposed to join, ambushed by natives who are armed with weapons seized from the German dead, hungering and thirsting in a land where there is no water, becoming so delirious from wounds and lack of medical care that the sick fall from hospital wagons into the bush unnoticed by guards, praying rather for death than life—these are some of the *rührende* contents of the tale.

There is no war, as the German understands it; but there is fighting and skirmish and massacre and murder, and in all these scenes, especially amid the whistling of lead in the bush, the author of "Gravelotte" shows his clear head and trained hand. Indeed, had he made the campaign himself he could hardly have treated his experiences with more realism. What is remarkable is that nowhere is there a suggestion of the overbearing or cruel German officer; the commander wears old uniforms, shares with the lowliest all the terrible privations and even death itself. On the other hand, in conversations of officers, which Moor overhears, Frenssen makes clear his own doubts as to the wisdom of Germany's course. One time the campfire group point out the folly of preaching brotherhood and love to the natives one hour and shooting them down like dogs the next; again they impatiently declare their doubts as to the German's natural aptitude for settling and managing such a country, and ask: "Why doesn't Germany sell the colony to the English and pull out of this God-forsaken land?"

Princesses and Court Ladies. By Arvède Barine. Authorized English Version. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century. By Allan Fea. New York: Brentano's. $4 net.

At first sight both these volumes might seem to be "beauty" books of the common variety, but on closer inspection it becomes apparent that there is a considerable difference between them. Mr. Fea gives us beauties with great profusion, no less than thirty-two altogether, but most of them belong to Whitehall in the days of the Restoration. When he goes outside the precincts of Charles II.'s court, it is simply to bring in La Vallière, Mme. de Montespan, Mdlle. de Fontanges, and other sultanas who flourished at the same period on the east side of the Channel. Mme. Barine, in a volume which is rather longer than Mr. Fea's, limits herself to five personages, three of them drawn from the seventeenth century, one from the eighteenth, and one from the nineteenth. With the single exception afforded by Marie Mancini, none of these ladies can be styled a court beauty. Mme. Barine seeks her criterion rather in experiences or in character than in good looks.

The chief contrast, however, which we would institute between these two books relates to the method of approach. Mr. Fea does little more than collect gossip and discuss, at times, the portraits of the Restoration Court. Mme. Barine, on the other hand, allows herself space to indulge in the luxury of criticism. Each of her subjects is selected as a type, and the range of psychology thus traversed is highly representative. Besides Marie Mancini, already mentioned, the ladies of her choice are Christina of Sweden, the Duchess of Maine, the Margravine of Bayreuth, and that Princess Salme of Zanzibar who married a Hamburg merchant and became Frau Emilie Rüete. Each of the five essays is filled with discriminating touches, and in one case, at least, Mme. Barine sketches a remarkable character with much firmness and insight. We refer here to the study in which Christina of Sweden is followed throughout the whole course of her career by one who does not suffer admiration for her talents to obscure the reprobation of her moral callousness. One rather important omission Mme. Barine seems to have made in consulting authorities for the life of Christina, inasmuch as she has not used the correspondence between Cardinal Azzolino and the Queen, which was published in 1899 by the Baron de Bildt. She is quite familiar, however, with Arckenholtz and with Granert, who have

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supplied the essential data regarding this surprising woman, in summing up her judgment, Mme. Barine says:

> Neither the talents of Christina nor her superior intelligence, nor her courage, can save her from an implacable judgment. She was beyond the bounds of all honest and responsible humanity. This crooked body contained a crooked soul, which knew neither right nor wrong. This brilliant Christina, almost a genius, was, morally, a veritable monster.

Oddly enough, Mme. Barine and Mr. Fea share the two most famous of the Mancini, the former taking Marie, and the latter, Hortense. The adventures of these two pleasure-loving sisters have been told so often that for the reader of memoirs there can be little excitement in any ordinary account of the plight to which their vagaries brought them, but Mme. Barine has one generalization that may be of some interest:

> The Mazarin blood, mixed with that of so many illustrious families, brought ill luck with it to all. The houses of the Este, of the Stuarts, of the Vendômes, of the Contis, of the Bouillons, of the Soissons, died out, one after the other. And the treasures amassed by Mazarin, his millions, his old masters, his antique statues? The Duke of Mazarin, his heir, mutilated the statues with a hammer, smeared over the pictures, spent millions in law suits before all the courts of France; so that according to M. Amédée Renée's witty remark, "It was the Fronde that, after all, was Cardinal Mazarin's real heir."

We may have seemed to disparage the work of Mr. Fea by calling it a collection of gossip, but much depends on whether or not gossip is collected by one who knows his period. Mr. Fea, in many previous books on the times of Charles II., has shown his command of Stuart literature. The same first-hand knowledge which was disclosed by "The Flight of the King" and "King Monmouth" is amply illustrated in the present volume.

The First Forty Years of Washington Society. Letters of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

If anywhere in the world there was a more cultivated society than that which distinguished our national capital during the first forty years of the last century, the writer of these letters did not even dream of it. She believed profoundly in Washington's charm. In one of the letters she confesses a deep sensibility to pleasure and a dread of monotony and quiet. Since she was pronouncedly social, these foes were never permitted a triumph. Even when she was alone her pen was constantly busy. At the capture of Washington by the British in 1815 she found refuge in a wayside country home, and promptly took up her pen and wrote her husband a full account of her adventures. Mrs. Smith's letters cannot be said to throw much light on the greater events of our politics, but they are nevertheless an engaging contribution to history in the form of a lively picture of social life at Washington. Possessing no special charm in themselves, they will be often resorted to for color by other writers.

She went to Washington in 1800, a bride. Her husband had just founded the *National Intelligencer* as the organ of the Republican party, and his ability gained him instant admission to the notable group of men who recognized Jefferson as their leader. Later his connection with the Treasury, and yet later with the Bank of the United States, served to maintain his friendships and keep him in touch with affairs. His wife had, besides her own personal friends, men and women prominent in Washington. The capital she describes has long since vanished. Its society in these early years was necessarily made up of persons in office, and these as necessarily lived in boarding-houses. In much that appears in these pages there is a sort of picnic flavor, an air of abandon one might expect of the officials of a young nation busy setting up a government in a forest. The cholera and the ague stalking at intervals through the letters, the deepening political animosities, heighten rather than diminish this effect of sylvan simplicity as a wilderness is slowly changed into a city and a capital.

Such political importance as the letters possess consists in the intimacy they permit with Jefferson, Madison, Crawford, Clay, and Calhoun. The character and career of Jefferson in truth furnish Mrs. Smith a sort of keynote for all the political speculation she indulges in. Whenever her great chief appears, her words breathe reverence and loyalty; and the awe he excited when she first met him persisted so steadily that her portrait of him is less life-like than those of Madison, Crawford, and Clay. Of Crawford in particular, one of the dimmest figures in our history, we are given an illuminating view. Jackson's brief appearance serves to prove what a spell was cast on women by the manner of that backwoodsman. Here and there we get glimpses of Washington flocking to the Capitol, as it continues to do. Mrs. Smith tells of Sunday services in the House of Representatives, converted by the feminine world into a striking social function; of the great debates when the same feminine world crowded the floors of the Senate and the House. She represents Hayne's seat as being occupied by a woman listener, while the Senator was engaged in his historical contest with Webster. Not the least amusing touches of the volume are the description of the far-famed ear-trumpet of Harriet Martineau, and in quite another field, the flight and pursuit of Washington ladies by Winnebago Indians. The editorial work is competently done by Gaillard Hunt. His candor in preserving the simplified spelling of the writer, and certain even more simplified grammatical constructions, contributes to the impressions of essential veracity.

The Fourth Gospel: Its Purpose and Theology. By Ernest F. Scott. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2 net.

British criticism of the Fourth Gospel has concerned itself chiefly with the questions of authorship and date. Both the external and internal evidence have repeatedly received scholarly examination. It has become evident, however, that decision on these matters could not be reached on the basis of quotations from Church fathers and allusions in the gospel to localities and customs in Palestine, but that the problems must wait for wider knowledge of the character of the writing, its purpose, aim, and place in the development of Christian life and thought. Mr. Scott has wisely confined himself to the latter questions. Assuming that the gospel was written in the early years of the second century, he seeks to discover its ultimate aim and object, the needs it was designed to meet, the difficulties and errors which it was calculated to correct. He treats the Fourth Gospel as one of the most important facts of Christian history; and he holds it more important to understand and interpret the work than to pronounce the name of the author and fix the year in which he wrote.

It would be extravagant to assert that the design of the Fourth Evangelist and the peculiarities of his method are made entirely clear in this essay, but it is not too much to say that no recent author has gripped more firmly the real problems of the most difficult book of the New Testament and thrown stronger light on the many perplexing questions that arise in its perusal. Why an orthodox writer at the beginning of the second century should have undertaken to compose a gospel, and how the rise of Gnosticism served as an incentive to its composition, are subjects which Mr. Scott elucidates with considerable success. The motives which led to the adoption of the Logos idea and the consequences of that momentous step are well set forth. The omission from the gospel of all mention of the foundation of the Eucharist is placed in proper historical light, and explanation is furnished also of the spiritualization of the doctrine of the *parousia* in the discourses at the last supper.

Mr. Scott finds in the Fourth Gospel an attempt to combine a vital religious experience, mediated through Hebraic forms of thought, with an alien philosophy. The evangelist's temper was conservative, and his motive was to preserve the faith in which he had found new life. It was perhaps inevitable in a time when criticism was winning its spurs that John's departures from the older tradition, his aberrations in historical presentation, should be chiefly in the fore. That period, however, is passing, and even defenders of the authenticity admit that the Fourth Gospel is to be used with great caution as a biographical source. Now that agreement has been reached on this matter, the way is open for sympathetic appreciation of the religious teaching of John, and for fairer appraisal of his religious genius, which could produce in the form of biography such a remarkable treatise on the religious affections. It is the merit of Mr. Scott both to have made clear the profitable line of study in connection with the Gospel of John, and also to have exhibited some valuable results of endeavor of this sort.

A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. Edited by James Hastings, with the assistance of John A. Selbie, and (in the reading of the proofs) of John C. Lambert. Volume I. Aaron—Knowledge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.

This work is intimately related to the "Dictionary of the Bible," by the same editors, which was published in four vol-

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umes from 1898 to 1902, with a supplementary volume in 1904; indeed, the two might be regarded as one series. The purpose of the new undertaking is to give more attention to everything that relates to Christ, and also to treat all topics connected in any way with the study of the gospels with special reference to the needs of clergymen, to produce "first of all, a preacher's dictionary." The editors explain that "the authors of the articles have been carefully chosen from among those scholars who are, or have been, themselves preachers." In the long list of contributors, however, are not a few who now hold academic positions in Great Britain and America. Scottish names predominate, and Continental scholars are accorded but a single representative.

Were this work put forward as a minister's commonplace-book, a mere repository of unsifted homiletical material, certain defects might pass without notice, but since it purports to be the product of scholars, and will be regarded by many as representing the present opinions of critical students, a few sentences of criticism are demanded. The work contains, in the first place, an intolerable amount of extraneous and irrelevant matter. The titles could have been diminished at least one-third to the improvement of the book as a work of reference. A few of the superfluous titles are Abgar, Abiding, Above and Below, Amazement, Ambition, Aristeas, etc. To load a reference work with matter of this sort seems to us an error of judgment.

A far more serious defect is the choice of writers of a decidedly reactionary point of view for articles on important subjects. Without doubt, an encyclopædia should be conservative, *i. e.*, it should not yield place to conjecture, to radical departures from accepted views which have not been subjected to the test of criticism. But conservative in the sense of holding to opinions and positions which are either fast yielding ground or have already lost the field, a work of reference certainly should not be; and we confess to disappointment in discovering this latter kind of conservatism. On nearly every page the desire to minimize differences between documents and passages may be noted, together with a painful effort to harmonize and gloss over discrepancies. In some cases, the facts brought to light by historical criticism are stated, yet the irreconcilable traditional interpretation is allowed to stand, as when we read that a superstitious belief in evil-disposed demons "stretches, from the earliest times to the present day, like a great chain along the course of human history"; and, in the next column, that "the demonology of the Gospels offers something *sui generis;* one becomes conscious of the fact that this link in the long chain is very different from all the other links." Even W. R. Inge, one of the more progressive contributors, declares that the discourse on the bread of life "does not refer directly to the Eucharist," yet almost in the same breath he says that "the Evangelist undoubtedly wishes, by narrating it, to spiritualize and generalize the whole Eucharistic doctrine." Now and then a clear historical verdict is spoken, as in a few brief articles by Prof. Shailer Mathews and E. F. Scott, and in P. M. Barnard's discussion of the "Genealogies"; but for the most part the authors appear to have been constrained by the opinion expressed by Dr. C. W. Hodge of Princeton in his article on "Fact and Theory": "If we are not to lose Christianity, we must abide by the Scripture as an external authority."

In his brief treatment of the Acts of the Apostles, Prof. J. Weiss of Marburg sets forth with marvellous lucidity and penetration the Christology of the Acts, and the same author has an enlightening article on the "Ethics of Jesus," but such cases are hard to find. They show, however, what this "Dictionary" might have been had its editors found the wisdom and courage to turn to historical students rather than to dogmatists and apologists, for light on historical questions. That such a compilation should be denoted "first of all, a preacher's dictionary" is not at all complimentary to clergymen. For we do not believe that many clergymen desire encyclopædic assistance to preach that angels "form firstly an army or host," "secondly a court," "thirdly a choir," and also that they are "free from sensuous feelings" and have "extensive, yet limited, knowledge."

The History of the Papacy in the Nineteenth Century. By Dr. Frederik Nielsen; translated under the direction of Arthur James Mason. 2 volumes, pp. xiii., 378, 481. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

The two large volumes, which, under the above title, make an interesting contribution to a much-discussed question, are timely in the best sense of the word. The present keen interest in the French religious controversy cannot be satisfied without some knowledge of the way the Revolution treated the Church and of the character of the parties to the Concordat. The editor's preface reflects the spirit that animated the translators and explains the unevenness of style, which, however, is not too apparent. The work has a title that is not quite descriptive of its contents; but the author's preface informs us that this is unavoidable until the completion of another volume dealing with the history of Leo XIII., thus making the work really a survey of the Papacy in the nineteenth century.

Nearly half of the first volume is given over to the relation of Jansenism and Gallicanism, the Encyclopædists and Jesuitism; the abolition of the Order of the Jesuits by Clement XIV. under the political pressure of the Bourbon family treaty, the founding of the Redemptorists, and the work of Joseph II. in reforming the condition of the monasteries. This is really prefatory to consideration of the great change in the fortunes of the Papacy inaugurated by the French Revolution, from which point the work enters upon the period so disastrous to the Church. The dissipation of the vast wealth of the French Church by the abolition of the tithes, the seizure and sale of the Church lands, the reductions in the number of the clergy, the suppression of the Monastic Orders, called forth little resistance, so tepid was the Catholic feeling of the time; but when the National Assembly attempted to remodel the Church, then the conflict between the Revolutionists and the See of Rome was precipitated.

Bishop Nielsen clearly points out that although the Assembly had adopted the principle of freedom of conscience and the principle of a State Church, it forgot, in regulating the affairs of the Church, what was due to the scruples of the faithful, and returned unwittingly but surely to despotic precedents and the old contempt for human liberty. There is no better statement of the steps leading up to the famous convention defining the nature of the faith than is to be found in Bishop Nielsen's account of the Concordat. The problems of the Restoration, the troubled Pontificate of Pius IX., the Vatican Council, and the *Kulturkampf* are so dealt with as to give us a sane and restrained view of the passing of the oldest element of Mediævalism. The work accomplishes all that the editor claims for it, and recalls the contributions of Stubbs and Creighton. May we soon see the third volume dealing with the Pontificate of Leo XIII. and exhibiting the same characteristics of thoroughness of investigation and independent judgment.

No Man's Land: A History of Spitsbergen from its Discovery in 1596 to the beginning of the Scientific Exploration of the Country. By Sir Martin Conway. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In the long range of books dealing with the history of exploration and discovery there are few that afford more pleasing reading than this by Sir Martin Conway. Its scope and thoroughness may be gauged from the fact that it covers the better part of four hundred pages, devoted to a region which to the average mind appears little more than a bleak and ice-bound spot lying toward the eightieth parallel of north latitude. But there are periods in the history of Spitsbergen (we follow Mr. Conway's spelling of the word: from *spits*, a point, having reference to the pointed mountains) which show that at times the island was more than it generally appears to us, and that it played no unimportant rôle in minor history. The "No Man's Land," whence the ill-fated Andrée expedition started to reach the North Pole, and where the second balloon expedition, that of Mr. Wellman, has but recently established its base, a land whose furthest point is only 930 miles from the Pole, and whose ice-bound shores and vast interior ice fields have saved it from the grasp of nations—this country has had its place in the industrial development of the world. We are told in Mr. Conway's work, and in other narratives, that less than three centuries ago, or more precisely, in the period between 1623 and 1644, when there had been an unusual development in the whale-oil industry, in which the Danes, the Dutch, and the English had rival interests, certain features of European life were transplanted to this far-off region. The sea front at Smeerenburg was lined with warehouses, furnaces, and cooling troughs, there were *maisons de pierre, beaucoup de loges ou cabannes, et pour defense un fort, muni d'artillerie,* and even a church. Whether or not this unique settlement, which Zorgdrager believes well deserved its local appellation, "Blubbertown," had at the time of its greatest prosperity a summer population of 10,000 or even 20,000, as some historians hold, or only

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1,000 to 1,200, as the author of the book before us thinks more likely, it furnishes an interesting subject for the geographer. A few ruins, the battered remains of a long line of capstans, and scraps of rusted iron are all that to-day tell of a prosperous industry that was carried on at a point further north than the point at which Kane abandoned the Advance, or Cape Sabine, where the tragedy of the Greely expedition was enacted.

Sir Martin Conway's work is a model of painstaking research. The main text is supplemented by a list of principal voyages to Spitsbergen recorded from 1847 to 1900 (with useful explanatory notes), a bibliography of history and geography, a dissertation on Spitsbergen cartography, a chronological list of maps, and a history of Spitsbergen nomenclature before the nineteenth century. The numerous illustrations, many of them borrowed from the earlier texts and carefully reproduced, contribute not a little to the general attractiveness of the volume.

The Children of the Nation: How Their Health and Vigor Should be Promoted by the State. By Sir John E. Gorst. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. x., 297. $2.50.

Not as an outsider does Sir John E. Gorst approach the problems which he handles so fearlessly in "The Children of the Nation." From 1895 to 1902, he was Vice-President of the Committee of Council for Education—the position which, before the reconstruction of the Education Department, corresponded to the present President of the Board of Education. His experience of the difficulties which hamper an English Minister of Education, who had to administer laws which put the interests of the Church of England and the National Society before the interests of the children for whom the schools ought to exist, probably turned his attention to the subjects of the present volume. Sir John E. Gorst is now seventy-two; since his retirement from the Education Department in 1902, he has been out of the hurly burly of politics. He can look back on a long and successful life, and his bitter attack on the "Governing Classes of England" cannot be regarded as the clamor of a disappointed politician or the envious utterances of one of the have-nots. It can only be the "taint of philanthropy," of which one of his Conservative colleagues accused him at the time he was Under Secretary of India, that leads him to condemn alike Conservatives and Liberals for their want of care for the children of the nation.

The bogey of Socialism cannot frighten Sir John Gorst—at any rate not when children are the objects of what some might term Socialistic treatment. It is not Socialism, he insists, to assert that children have a legal right to be maintained by others, until they are of age to maintain themselves. Under maintenance he includes food, clothes, lodging, and care in sickness. If the parents do not provide these, it is the duty of the state to step in and either compel the parents to fulfil their duty, or if this is impracticable, to take the duty upon itself. "This is not Socialism," he repeats, "it is a description of the law of the land." That a single child can go about under the eyes of public officials underfed, or insufficiently clothed, is a proof of inefficiency or malfeasance on the part of the authorities. Sir John Gorst makes out a similar case for free medical attendance in illness. It is one of the rights of every child to grow up fit and healthy, and it is economy for the nation to guard against the child developing into a burden and a liability instead of an asset.

The years spent by Sir John Gorst at the Education Department evidently convinced him of the value of women's work in all matters concerning care and education of children. He writes:

> The infant schools should be inspected exclusively by women. The Board of Education some years ago tried the experiment of appointing half-a-dozen women inspectors; but they brought to light so many defects or abuses in the schools, which no office manipulation of their reports could conceal, that they have now been withdrawn, and the infant schools are again inspected regularly by men, mostly ignorant of the wants of little children. They should be under the supervision of a Women's Department of the Board of Education, so as to secure that woman's knowledge will no longer be thwarted by man's ignorance.

Sir John Gorst had evidently finished his book before the passage of the act of last session, providing for the feeding of school children. With that legislation, so far as it goes, he must have been fully in sympathy, although he advocates a far more thorough system of feeding. "A child cannot be a pauper," he maintains against those who fear the pauperizing of the people through this Socialistic legislation, "for it is born with a right to be maintained by others till old enough to maintain itself, and the child of the rich is as dependent upon others as the child of the poor; parents may be paupers; but to call a child by the opprobrious name of pauper because its parents are such is as unjust as to call a child a criminal because its parents are in prison."

When it is remembered that Sir John is a lifelong Conservative; that he entered Parliament in 1866; that he sat in the House of Commons continuously from 1875 to 1902; and that during these twenty-seven years he held office in four Conservative Administrations, the Radical and Socialistic tone of his book is enough to cause a gasp of astonishment even in England, where Socialism has made so much greater progress than in the United States. "We are all Socialists now," was a well-remembered dictum of the late Sir W. Harcourt; and to this creed Sir John Gorst must have given hearty adherence.

Science.

Mars and Its Mystery. By Edward S. Morse. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.

Mars and Its Canals. By Percival Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

In 1877 Schiaparelli commenced his well-known work on Mars by mapping more precisely than his predecessors the bluish-green regions. From their color, and the seeming probabilities of the case, these regions were formerly surmised to be oceans. Schiaparelli observed them to be connected by bands of the same color as themselves, narrow in proportion, yet several hundred miles in breadth. The terms "sea" and "ocean" having been applied to the larger regions, he named these narrow connecting bands *canali.* This Italian word designates connecting strips of water, whether artificial or natural, and, had he written in English, he would have said "channels." But the idea that the works of intelligent beings had been discovered on another planet was so captivating that Schiaparelli's word, taken in connection with the spelling, was translated "canal"; and the subject naturally excited a degree of attention which the original observations would not otherwise have commanded. The canals of Mars and the supposed purpose of the beings that constructed them, became objects of curiosity, both to astronomical observers and the public generally. In the next opposition of Mars, which occurred in 1879, Schiaparelli reached the conclusion that these channels were not the broad bands he had supposed them to be, but strips so narrow that they seemed like fine lines, thus taking a step toward the justification of the mistranslation. If not what we should call canals, they were more like such works than the broad strips of water shown by the observations of 1877.

The next important step forward in the delineation of the planet was taken by Percival Lowell, who founded an observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., a point of high altitude, where the air is of exceptional purity. The special purpose of this establishment was the study of Mars, a work on which Mr. Lowell entered with the greatest energy and enthusiasm, both by observing himself, and by employing the eyes of well-trained assistants. The results of his work have appeared in three fine volumes of observations, as well as in several popular writings and courses of lectures.

The two attractive books before us may be regarded as the latest output of the Flagstaff observatory. That of Professor Morse, which came first in the order of time, was the outcome of a visit he paid to Flagstaff in the summer of 1905, during an opposition of Mars. At first blush it might seem rather venturesome for a naturalist so eminent as the director of the Peabody Museum at Salem to appear before the world as an astronomical observer. But the field that Professor Morse has here entered, though belonging to the heavens, is not an essentially astronomical one in the sense of involving subjects or methods of observation with which a naturalist is not familiar. The trained eye of a microscopist will naturally be well qualified to catch details made visible with a telescope, and the study of the surface features of another planet involves no recondite principles of astronomy. The author gives an interesting account of the difficulties which he at first encountered in detecting the canals, and his ultimate success in seeing several of them. The main purpose of his book is to discuss the general subject of the surface of Mars from a naturalist's point of view. He argues strongly that the so-called canals cannot possibly be regarded as purely natural. He adopts substantially the view of Lowell, that we here have to do with long and comparatively narrow strips

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of vegetation over an otherwise arid world, a feature which is attributed to a comprehensive system of irrigation. One cannot but admire the ingenuity of his argument, even if unable to accept his conclusion.

In view of the readability and general merit of the book, the critic cannot but regret that Professor Morse has accompanied his arguments by comments which are too polemic in tone for scientific discussion, and which tend to prejudice the unbiassed reader against his conclusions. One chapter, which we must in justice say is not a long one, is devoted to "comments and criticism," in which those doubting astronomers who have questioned the reality of the canals are dealt with much as unbelievers once were in the Puritan pulpit. The most curious feature of these criticisms is that even the quotations which he lashes with such severity do not seem, to us at least, to justify the punishment. For example, he quotes the work of a committee of the British Association, which, in 1892, had twenty-six observers at work making drawings of the surface features of Mars. The director of the work, however, reported that notwithstanding the astronomically favorable character of the opposition, the result was, on the whole, disappointing, owing to unfavorable weather, while the pressure of other duties prevented his supplying detailed help. On the strength of this, the author "appeals to any honest and unprejudiced mind if a more incompetent person could have been found in England for the directorship of the work."

Mr. Lowell's book embodies such a wealth of observation and reasoning that it is not possible to do it justice within the space of the present review. How widely soever one may dissent from his conclusions, one must concede that among all the observers of the planet, he easily takes first place, both with respect to the favorable conditions under which he has worked, the energy and enthusiasm which he has displayed, and the care he has taken to avoid every source of error. The most adverse critic cannot but admire the tireless industry with which the planet has been scanned night after night, every noteworthy appearance regarded, and the mass of facts thus acquired moulded into a consistent whole. When we say that his conclusions do not always carry conviction, we still admit that there is vastly more truth than error in what he says. With any claim surely erroneous we can scarcely charge him. And yet, in all that relates to his more interesting conclusions—those which attribute the dark lines to vegetation produced by artificial processes—we cannot look for general assent on the part of critical astronomers. Perhaps this may be due, as Professor Morse maintains, to a certain professional narrowness in their habits of thought. Whether this be so or not, we shall venture to set forth the two weak points in Mr. Lowell's beautiful system.

Our first point will be readily understood by any one who will scan the planet Mars under the most favorable circumstances, with the best telescope within his reach, and notice the difficulties in the way of seeing any detail in so seemingly small, indefinite, and rather ill-defined a globe of light. Then he must conceive hundreds of lines marked all over this little globe and imagine the difficulty of making out their exact character. He must also reflect that the most careful training of the eye may result rather in the interpretation of what is dimly seen than in its exact specification. In a word, the foundation of Mr. Lowell's argument rests upon an extremely slender base of appearances, to be made out only with the greatest difficulty. The ancient maxim that "things are not always what they seem" may very well be taken to heart in forming our judgment. The other weak point is the great number of unknown possibilities as to the causes which may be acting upon another planet. Lowell's work records more than one observation of which it seems difficult to construct a really satisfactory explanation. An example is that of a bright cloud floating at a height above the planet vastly greater than any cloud is seen in our air. Of course, there is no inherent impossibility in this, but it shows that things may be going on in Mars which we cannot understand, and justifies the agnostic point of view in everything that concerns minute details and intricate processes of reasoning.

These possible weaknesses do not detract from the general merit of the work. There is no heavenly body, except the sun, in which so many complex and variable phenomena have been found as Mr. Lowell has found in Mars, and no work upon the physical constitution of a heavenly body has surpassed his in the quantity and ingenuity of its reasoning. If the general reader finds much that the thinking astronomer would fail to regard as integral parts of established scientific truth, he will still be entertained and instructed.

"Arctic Exploration," by J. Douglas Hoare (E. P. Dutton & Co.), like several other recent publications on the same subject, appeared virtually antiquated on the day of its issue; for the author was unable to take note of the latest of Mr. Peary's remarkable journeys, and therefore to give the "record" in Polar work. The book is a light compilation of old and new narratives, and gives evidence of preparation by one who has but a superficial knowledge of his topic. Neither in its estimate of researches nor in the analyses of the different journeys do the pages betray special fitness on the part of the author. Indeed, a casual glance at the concluding chapters reveals a carelessness which detracts from the usefulness of the book. Thus, on p. 299, Mr. Peary's "farthest north"—the record of the journey preceding that of 1905-1906—is given as 81° 17′ N. (instead of 84° 17′) and there is no reference whatever to the delimitation of the land-masses on the North or to the discovery of the farthest projecting point, Cape Morris Jesup. On p. 306 the reader is informed that in recent years, "with the exception of Capt. Cagni (!) and his party who perished during the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition, only four men, Baron Toll, F. G. Seeberg, and their two hunters, have lost their lives in the cause of science in the Arctic regions." One might have thought that Andrée, not to mention others, was of at least as much consequence in the general coterie of scientific students as the two hunters here referred to. We find on p. 264 the name *Pick* for *Pike*, *Elvina* for *Eivina*, and similar inaccuracies in spelling occur elsewhere.

The Funk & Wagnalls Co. will bring out a translation of J. Grasset's "Demi-fous et Demiresponsables."

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Linnæus will be celebrated on a grand scale in Upsala on May 23 and 24, under the auspices of the scientific associations of Sweden. Invitations have been sent to the leading learned societies, to famous naturalists, and to the universities of Germany and other lands to participate in the celebration. Among those who expect to be present is the veteran zoölogist of Jena, Prof. E. Haeckel.

The Munich *Medizinische Wochenschrift* reports that the Bundesrat has definitely decided that, beginning with the coming summer semester, candidates can enter upon the study of medicine who are graduates only of the Oberrealschulen, and that accordingly they need offer neither Latin nor Greek. It is, however, demanded that before admission to practice the medical graduates must show that in the meanwhile they have taken the Latin course in the semi-classical Realgymnasium through the Lower Secunda class; for this a testimonial from the authorities of a secondary school suffices, no examination being demanded.

Drama.

Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg: Lustspiel von Gerhart Hauptmann. New York: G. Stechert & Co.

Nearly a year has elapsed since Gerhart Hauptmann published his four-act *Glashüttenmärchen*, "Und Pippa tanzt!"—a unique departure in the fantastical that provoked the student of German drama to renewed interest in the Silesian artist. Now, while the literary world is again expecting something new and worthy from his pen, he offers a five-act piece termed a comedy, tossed off in the interval between his last serious efforts. The result is distinctly disappointing, for it is neither a good comedy nor a comedy at all; and even those of Hauptmann's admirers, who assert that a poet should write all that bubbles within him, must wish that he had suppressed this play before it was staged, or even printed. Of late, Hauptmann has steadily kept pace with Sudermann in turning out drama after drama; but this last work from the shop of "Die versunkene Glocke" suggests the thought that if Hauptmann were to retire from the lists awhile and recuperate those forces once so fruitful and promising, his ultimate position in literature would be higher and more secure.

To begin with, there is no plot in "Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg," or none that seems worthy of Hauptmann, though, to tell the truth, the author of "Hannele," or even "Fuhrmann Henschel," was never famous for laying out, or at least completing, the plots of his tales. Agathe Ruschewey, a half-orphan and one of four daughters living on a country estate on the Saale, was courted by Dr. Grünwald, who, discouraged by her father, buried himself in the pampas of South America. In the

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meantime the father died; the girl became ill, and was the recipient of attentions from Dr. Nast, the town *Oberlehrer*, a man of ability, but dried to the core with book-learning and fastidious notions of propriety. On Agathe's recovery, Nast urged his suit; and supported by a busybody aunt, wrung from the timid and distracted girl the promise of hand and heart. But now Dr. Grünwald returns and becomes the guest of the guardian uncle. The arrogant teacher is deluded by a vagabond, who exhibits a carved ivory cross (belonging to one of the girls), pretends that he found it at the bottom of an old well, and induces the pedagogue to explore the pit for other precious antiquities. The vagabond's plan is, in reality, the scheme of Otto, an adopted son and art student, whom Nast had offended. The ragged beggar and the silk-hatted *Oberlehrer* explore the well at the moment chosen for a family picnic nearby. They bring to light a chest, apparently very old, but containing various kinds of modern sausage, placed there half an hour before by Otto. The realization that he has been made a laughing-stock so piques Dr. Nast that he retires; and Grünwald, of course, appears to press his claims.

The above outline shows how shallow is the story, how hackneyed the material, recalling more than one incident in mediocre novels, such as Sudermann's "Es War." Moreover, the *Lustspiel* is almost wholly wanting in real humor, and can pass as a comedy in neither the modern nor the older classical sense. For downright fun it falls short of Hauptmann's earlier "Schluck und Jau"; and one may look in vain for the scintillations of repartee characterizing the model "Minna von Barnhelm." Nor are there any vivid scenes such as in the tavern in "Und Pippa tanze!" unless the intrusion of the vagabond with his ladder at the family festival be admitted in comparison. There are eighteen characters, but none except Nast is real flesh and blood; some, including Agathe, are tolerable suggestions of reality, but several are mere phantoms. The play contains some vinegary observations about education and a poke now and then in the ribs of the arrogant German *Schulwesen*—as when the inflated Nast is made to exclaim, "Die deutsche Schule ist musterhaft! Musterhaft, sage ich: das ist eine Tatsache!"—but there is neither the sharp satire of "Der Biberpelz" nor the dialectical novelty and mystical charm of "Und Pippa tanzt!" Of all the works of Hauptmann thus far given to the world—and how rich in variety and genius they are, after all!—"Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg" is least likely to contribute to his lasting fame. How far it fell short of the expectations of the crowd that fought its way into the Lessingtheater in Berlin may be judged by the comments of the daily press, in which such expressions as *tieftraurigen Abend*, *verlorenen Abend*, and *Theaterskandal* were frequent.

Leo Ditrichstein has long been known as a writer of more or less successful farcical comedies, not always of the most admirable description, but his name has never yet been associated with a piece of such solid quality as "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott," which he has written in collaboration with Percival Pollard, and which was presented for the first time in this city in the Astor Theatre on Monday evening. This is a genuine comedy of intrigue, belonging to the same class as the "Dora" of Sardou and Merivale's "Forget-Me-Not," and not unworthy of comparison with either of them. If less ingenious in construction than the one and less cleverly written than the other, it is an uncommonly well-made play, with an effective story, lacking neither in dramatic or human interest, in which a striking climax, showing considerable facility in invention, is followed by a natural, pathetic, and satisfactory ending. Moreover, it contains some good characterization and reflects certain phases of Washington life with no little veracity. The story deals with the effort of an American diplomat to prevent the marriage of a younger brother with a brilliant woman, who was once the heroine of a secret court scandal in Europe. He is defeated at all points, but an incriminating document, giving the full facts in the case, falls by accident into the hands of a certain Senator, who proposes to use it. In this extremity Mrs. Alcott appeals to an elderly ambassador, who is familiar with her antecedents, and who has long been among her admirers. He secures an order for the suppression of the document on the ground that it is a state paper, and when this device seems likely to fail, boldly seizes an opportunity of destroying it. But the excitement proves too much for him, and in the moment of victory he falls dead. The shock breaks Mrs. Alcott's spirit, and she retires from the field, making full confession and surrendering her lover, who was already cooling in his suit, to a younger and purer rival. Her fight for happiness and honor gives occasion for a series of highly effective scenes, and the suspense concerning the final outcome is maintained with indisputable skill. A better acting play has not been produced for a long time, and it is for the most part entirely reasonable and natural. As a rule the acting is decidedly meritorious, but Mr. Ditrichstein, with his broken English, made a mistake in assuming the part of a native-born American. In spirit and manner his performance was very good. Miss Dorothy Dorr played the heroine with intelligence, feeling, and spirit, and William Hawtrey was admirable as the amorous foreign count. The entire representation was creditable.

In J. Hartley Manners's comedy, "A Marriage of Reason," which was produced in Wallack's Theatre, on Monday evening, the old theme of the marriage of American heiresses to impoverished English noblemen is treated in a fresh and, but for poor workmanship, ingenious manner. The idea is good, but the illustrative details are unacceptable. Lord Delcombe, soured by the infidelity of his first wife, whom he has divorced, becomes a confirmed cynic and maintains that sentimental marriage is an absurdity. But as gambling has brought him to the verge of utter ruin, he proposes marriage to an American heiress upon a purely rational basis, she to enjoy the social advantages of his title and he to have the spending of her money. She agrees, and they begin a platonic union, which proves tolerably successful, until each perceives the special virtues of the other, and begins to wish for more genial relations. Mutual misconceptions gradually breed a wider estrangement, and a dissolution of the partnership seems imminent, when explanations bring about a perfect and permanent reconciliation. There is clever writing and some situations are effective, but the general construction is slipshod, and the whole working out of the plot is altogether theatrical and conventional. The dramatic value of the piece is slight, but the dialogue is of decidedly superior quality and the sentiment, if somewhat hysterical in places, generally sound. Much worse plays have been more successful than this is likely to be. Mr. Bellew enacts the hero with a finished comedy skill rare in these days, but the part of the heroine has been entrusted to weak hands.

A dramatized version of the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" has just been played in London for a hospital fund. The dramatization was done by Mrs. W. Hadley and Miss E. Ouless, who kept strictly to the words of the book in the scenes chosen for representation. A representative of Bunyan declaimed the latter part of the introductory "apology" and the whole of the epilogue; and a good many of the incidents were shown in tableaux, such as the wicket gate, the removal of Christian's burden, the arming of Christian, the martyrdom of Faithful, the River of Death, and the Celestial City. The scenes in which dialogue occurred were the City of Destruction, the Valley of Humiliation (with a combat with Apollyon), Vanity Fair, and the Delectable Mountains. The part of Christian is said to have been played with remarkable success. Miss Crosman expects to play Christian in this country before long.

Music.

Twenty Piano Compositions by Mozart. Edited by Carl Reinecke. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Although Mozart wrote seventeen sonatas and many other pieces for pianoforte, his name seldom appears on present day recital programmes. For this there are good reasons. Most of his compositions were written for the clavichord and the harpsichord, the pianoforte's predecessors, which had a thin tone of very brief duration. To make up for the absence of sonority a multitude of runs, grace notes, and other ornaments, were introduced, which are no more to our taste than the *fioriture* of Rossini and Donizetti. Moreover, he kept his best melodies, as a rule, for his operas and symphonies; many of his piano pieces were mere *pièces d'occasion*, in which there is much that is trivial and commonplace. Mr. Shedlock, in his book on the Pianoforte Sonata, goes so far as to say that to his thinking the sonata in C minor is the only one in which Mozart was entirely absorbed in his art. This may be true of the sonatas as a whole, but in most of them there are sections that are worth keeping before amateurs and students.

Hans von Bülow declared that the time had come when, in order to keep Haydn and Mozart among the immortals, we must amputate the dead and dying parts of their

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compositions—in other words, print collections of only their best pieces. Dr. Reinecke's volume of twenty-one pianoforte pieces was edited from this point of view. It would have been too much to expect this arch-conservative to "amputate" parts of the individual sonatas themselves, preserving only a movement or two in each case; but he has chosen the best four sonatas for his collection, and added to them four fantasias, beside a suite, some minuets, (including one which Mozart wrote at the age of five), some sets of variations, and divers other pieces. Dr. Reinecke was certainly, of all living pianists, the one best qualified to make such a selection; for decades he has been famed as a Mozart specialist. He has written a pamphlet pleading for a revival of Mozart's pianoconcertos, and the present volume he has provided with an excellent introduction relating to his idol's life and works. The current opinion regarding Mozart's music is that it is uniformly placid; but perhaps some of the performers will agree with Reinecke that "the works of such a fiery spirit as Mozart must not be played merely with a certain dignity and moderation, but in the proper place there must be sparks and brilliancy." In one thing the editor is certainly right: in maintaining that Mozart's music should be played without *tempo rubato*; Mozart himself wrote: "I always keep time strictly." He sanctioned, at most, a slight freedom of movement in the right hand while the left followed the metronome.

The season's last operatic event of importance is the return of Emma Calvé to New York, Oscar Hammerstein having secured her for eight appearances at the Manhattan Opera House in "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "La Navarraise," and perhaps "Faust." When this remarkable French singer and actress came to this country for the first time, in the season of 1893-94, her Carmen created such a sensation that Bizet's opera had thirteen performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. She has come to be looked upon as the greatest of all Carmens, eclipsing the pleasant memories of even Pauline Lucca and Minnie Hauck. The only drawback to a thorough enjoyment of her impersonation of this rôle in recent years has been a growing disposition to take undue liberties with the composer's rhythms in the love music of the last act and in a few other places; luckily she seems to have outgrown this, and her latest appearances as Bizet's gypsy girl have been quite as fascinating as of yore. Perhaps no singer on the operatic stage (unless it be Geraldine Farrar) has ever had a face which so constantly and subtly mirrored every thought and emotion in the text and the music; given a general knowledge of the plot, no one needs a libretto to follow the dialogue when she is on the stage. Her voice has also preserved nearly all of the luscious beauty it had a decade ago, while her style is highly polished. It is a pity that opportunity will not also be given to hear her as Ophélie in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," a rather poor opera, which, however, gave her an opportunity to convince astonished music lovers of modern taste that even *fioriture* which had seemed flimsy ornaments as sung by other prima donnas could be saturated with dramatic feeling.

At the two extra Philharmonic concerts to be given at Carnegie Hall, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Wassily Safonoff will make his last appearances before his departure for London, where he has been engaged to conduct several concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra. The programme for these two supplementary concerts will consist of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" symphony, Rubinstein's concerto in E flat major for piano, and the overture to Wagner's "Tannhäuser." Josef Lhévinne, who was so successful at his previous appearances at the Philharmonic, has been engaged as soloist. The orchestra for these concerts will consist of 110 players.

At a recent concert given by the Royal Orchestra in the Opera House at Berlin, Mr. Felix Weingartner introduced to the public a symphonic work by Dr. J. Paul Ertel, in which an attempt is made, by liberal use of the drums, to suggest an eruption of Vesuvius. The composition, which is entitled "Pompeii," is designed to picture in tones a revival of that perished city, and its renewed destruction by the volcano. Among the many themes employed one hears frequent repetition of snatches from the familiar song, "Funiculi Funicula." The piece closes with a prolonged sullen growl from the drums, which is meant to indicate that the gay life of the new city of pleasure has been smothered under a blanket of lava and ashes. The work was very well received.

"The Art of Counterpoint and its Application as a Decorative Principle," by Dr. C. H. Kitson, will be published soon by Henry Frowde. The author points out that those who have had some experience in teaching the science of music will have found that the general crudity of students' work in applied counterpoint, that is, in fugue and in modern polyphonic writing, is due to the ignorance of the origin, premises, and aims of scholastic counterpoint. By showing the historical status of this, and by tracing principles which are true for all time, Dr. Kitson seeks to prove that scholastic counterpoint is the foundation of all progress under harmonic conditions.

Art.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL WORK IN EGYPT.

CAIRO, March 2.

One's first impression of Egyptian exploration methods is somewhat painful. All considerations of sentiment and reverence for the dead are being swept aside in the modern demand for knowledge. In the new and spacious Museum of Cairo the proud monarchs who ruled the Mediterranean world, who lived in the greatest luxury and refinement, and built the most superb tombs, now lie side by side in rude coffins which would not have been considered fit for favorite slaves. By the irony of fate the ruling religious passion of their lives, a well provisioned and secure burial place, has been denied them, and they can now be viewed for five piastres. Mummy cloths cover Seti and the Rameses of three generations, the still impressive faces alone being visible; but the bodies of Ua and Tua, which were buried with the greatest love and care by their daughter Queen Tyi, are completely exposed, with the golden plate of the embalmer at the side.

The very costliness was, of course, the fatal error in these burials. The first robberies detected by archæologists are those of the trusted and well-paid undertakers themselves, who slipped out the jewels from beneath the massive and slowly descending lids of the splendid sarcophagi. Then came the plundering by the Egyptians during the loosely governed period of priest rule, followed by the plunderings of the successive waves of conquerors of Egypt, and the long and extremely artful plundering of the Arabs, which is still in progress despite precautions of the Government. Finally, in the nineteenth century there arrive the scientific grave robbers, animated by loftier motives, but the most thorough and ruthless despoilers of all—digging on a vast scale, with small armies of highly trained and well organized laborers.

At one of the great excavations which I visited a vertical section seventy feet deep had been cut through the burial places of six successive civilizations, terminating with the Greek, Roman, Coptic, and recent. Skulls grinned at us from every corner, limb bones lay about in profusion; at one point twenty or more coffins were huddled side by side. Since wood is extremely scarce in Egypt, these coffins when broken up into splinters are set aside until evening and then divided among the laborers as a special gratuity. Formerly the skeletons were treated with similar unconcern and perhaps sold to be ground up into "mummy paint"; but now that the scientific value of the skeleton as a means of determining race is recognized, they are carefully kept together in most of the excavations, placed in small boxes, and sent to Dr. G. Elliot Smith in Cairo for comparative study. The very important conclusions drawn from this relatively new branch of Egyptology, namely, the unity of the Egyptian race from the palæolithic to the present age, are chiefly due to this modest but distinguished anatomist.

One's second impression of the modern work here is that the period of briliant discovery has passed by, the chief exceptions being the extraordinarily successful finds of Theodore M. Davis at Luxor. The period has set in of exact, patient, and exhaustive research, animated by the German spirit of thoroughness. It is generally conceded that France, the country which with several men of genius led the way, is not at present holding its own. G. C. C. Maspero, the director of the Museum as well as of Egyptian archæological research, a man of great erudition, beloved and respected by all, is now advanced in years. The arrangement, or conspicuous lack of arrangement and labelling, of the wonderful collections in the new Museum, is a sign of the need of some energetic new blood in this institution. Similarly, the work in the field, in the many "concessions," as they are called, along the Nile, sadly needs coördination. At some points the methods are quite beyond criticism, not a bone or a token or a record which could possibly be of any value as historical evidence is lost. Careful photographs are taken at every stage of the work. The mastering motive of the present

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period is the search for historical evidence, not for museum loot; and such evidence is often found in ways and objects of little or no museum value, certainly of no exhibition value. At other points some impatience for more immediate and striking results may be observed; certain museum authorities at home who are supplying the funds must be kept in good humor by a not infrequent shipment of exhibition material. This is the spirit of the "head hunter" in palæontology, of the man who sacrifices the skeleton of an extinct animal for the more striking head. It is this diversity of aim and of method which should be held in check by the central authority of the Cairo Museum. While the materials of research differ with the different dynasties, the problems are everywhere the same, and the methods should be the same. When Mariette, the famous French explorer, left few detailed records of his excavations, Egyptian history suffered a severe blow. Now that an enormous amount of evidence has been destroyed or thrown into the dump heaps, one is convinced that every shred which survives must be scrupulously preserved.

It is gratifying to an American to find his countrymen taking a prominent if not the leading place in the present excavations, to hear of American funds liberally contributed, and of American scholars at work all along the Nile from Giza to Wadi Halfa. Prof. James H. Breasted's volume is regarded as a standard history of Egypt; the author is now copying all the inscriptions between Assouan and Wadi Halfa, or the first and second cataracts. Materials for even more thorough historical writings are being gathered by two other Americans—Dr. George A. Reisner and Dr. A. M. Lythgoe. No one is doing more for the art history of Egypt than Mr. Davis. With these men are many younger Americans who will make their place in Egyptology. Especially and above all is it gratifying to learn that the American methods are generally regarded as beyond criticism either as to spirit, scope, or thoroughness. It is earnestly to be desired that the museums and other supporting institutions and individuals at home will also be patient and consider that the prosecution of this investigation must be their chief concern, and that museum specimens are a by-product.

Immense undertakings are now in progress. Beginning our review in the north, we find Dr. Reisner at the Giza pyramids, having extended his field to the abandoned Italian and, as the writer understands, French concessions. He is now in his tenth year in Egypt, and a life work lies before him. For the first seven years he was attached to the University of California, with funds provided by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst; during the last three years he has served Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. At present his excavations are at the eastern base of the smaller of the three Giza pyramids, that of Menkura, where he is removing the enormous blocks of facing granite, which, it is hoped, may have been the indirect means of protecting some sanctuaries of the pyramid temple. Here one may see the perfection of modern excavation; not an iota of evidence escapes; the laborers are the most perfectly trained, the most honest, and the best disciplined in Egypt. The volumes published or now in press under Dr. Reisner's direction are devoted to the culture of the early dynasties, and the connection with the pre-dynastic or prehistoric cultures among the Egyptians of the stone age. One volume is devoted entirely to the first dynasty; another volume covering the first to the ninth dynasties is in preparation.

A few miles farther south Dr. Borckhardt, head of all the German explorations in Egypt, is now engaged in a similarly thorough manner, but not upon quite so extensive a scale, with the pyramids of Abusir in the interests of the Berlin Museum. Continuing down the plateau at Sakkara, the necropolis of Memphis, Dr. J. E. Quibell, the field representative or director of the special explorations of the Cairo Museum, is a most able and enthusiastic excavator. He is in his second year at this point. Here can be best observed the obstacles to excavation. Along the extreme eastern edge of the desert, in the close superposition of successive burials, in the intrusive tombs which cut into the centres or the sides of older tombs, the initial difficulty is to locate a dump which shall not cover some valuable area of future research. Here, too, is best seen the easterly movement of the Libyan sands, which have been the only thing that has effectively concealed these bordering tombs. The Cairo Museum reserves for its own exploration the entire Memphis necropolis of Sakkara as well as the two more southerly pyramids of Dashur. The historical method of search is a time consumer, and even at Dr. Quibell's fairly rapid rate of progress, a half-century will be needed to complete the enterprise.

Some ten miles further south Dr. Lythgoe is beginning his excavations for the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York. The concession is regarded as valuable, promising fine results. The excavations are starting, as at Giza and Abusir, in the temple on the eastern face of the most northerly of the two pyramids. Like Dr. Reisner, Dr. Lythgoe is a graduate of Harvard, with a special training in the University of Berlin; and he has had five years in the field with Reisner himself. He is the author of one of the important volumes in the Reisner series. He has ample means, which he is expending judiciously with a large force of well-trained workers, and with full realization that the surest results will be obtained by thorough procedure through a long and difficult campaign.

This completes the list of pyramids where work is under way. The ancient southerly pyramid of Medum is reserved for the Cairo Museum, and is not now being touched.

Two hundred miles to the south, near the exquisite Temple of Abydos, Dr. John Garstang is digging in tombs of the eleventh dynasty for the Museum of the University of Liverpool. He has a large and enthusiastic camp of laborers from Guft. Among them are many typical Egyptians, with profiles resembling those on the ancient tombs; perhaps some of these very men or boys have in their veins the widely distributed royal blood. From this region of Abydos is reported an illustration of the vandalism of defective methods. An archæologist, who need not be named, was busy on a valuable conession here for three years without results; he was followed on the very same ground by Dr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, who in two years secured extremely important material; including the names of all the kings of the first dynasty. Dr. Petrie is now in the service of the British School of Archæology.

Opposite Luxor we observed the admirable work of Dr. Édouard Naville, the Swiss archæologist, who has been aided for ten years by the Egyptian Exploration Fund. Just north of the beautiful temple of Queen Hatasu, which he has restored—an object familiar to all travellers in Egypt—he has recently laid bare a much more ancient temple of the twelfth dynasty. We were fortunate in arriving the day of the discovery of an important alabaster sarcophagus believed to be that of King Mentuhotep.

On February 26 Mr. Davis started in his dahbeah down the Nile from Luxor to Cairo, carrying the treasures which he has unearthed this winter in the tomb of Queen Tyi—the latest of his fortunate discoveries. The coffin was found intact, but the body of the Queen was reduced by the dampness of the tomb to dust, which crumbled at the first touch. On her neck were all the scattered golden pendants of a breast plate, or *pectoralis*, and upon her head a beautiful and unique golden crown designed from the mythical vulture, the head and beak descending on the forehead and the delicately modelled wings surrounding the back of the head. But the rarest and most precious objects are the four canopic jars of alabaster, surmounted by beautifully carved portraits of the Queen herself (in place of the four traditional heads of the animal gods of the dead), with inset eyes and eyebrows. In the opinion of Mr. Davis and of others whom the writer has consulted, these heads surpass as works of plastic art anything thus far found in Egypt; they most nearly approach the Greek standard. In the writer's judgment, also, nothing in the Cairo Museum can compare with them in beauty. The expression is wistful and lovable—characterstic of such a woman as Queen Tyi is known to have been. Mr. Davis's concession is very valuable; and, as every one admits, he has worked with exceptional pertinacity, liberality, and good judgment. In 1903 he reached the tomb of Thothmes IV.; in 1904, the tombs of Ua and Tua, the father and mother of Queen Tyi. The contents of these tombs, transferred in entirety to the Cairo Museum, constitute a unique and perfect exhibition of a royal burial. The room set apart by M. Maspero for this collection is certainly the most interesting in the Museum; rich as it is, Mr. Davis will now add the treasures of Queen Tyi. A special volume, succeeding those upon Thothmes IV. and Hatasu, elaborately illusfrated, will soon be issued. In 1905 Mr. Davis laid open the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut. In the year 1906 he came upon nothing exceptional, though the Italian archæologist Schiaparelli discovered an unrifled tomb, the entire contents of which he was allowed to transfer to the Turin Museum. Finally, in 1907, the Davis excavations were again richly rewarded by the discovery of Queen Tyi. M. Maspero is so delighted that he has presented to Mr. Davis one of the exquisite canopic jars, which will thus come to America.

H. F. O.

The March number of the *Bolletino d'Arte* is largely devoted to museum acquisitions. The Museum of the Bargello, Florence, has

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bought a little Annunciation which is ascribed to that Abruzzi artist whose work is just beginning to be distinguished, Nicola da Guardiagrele. Though cut in stone, these images reveal the habits of the worker in metal. Of the alleged author, Arduino Colasanti can tell little more than that he flourished at the end of the fourteenth century and exercised a great influence in the Abruzzo. From many quarters, so the press dispatches indicate, come complaints of the smuggling of works of art of Italy. A Syracusan director observes that the best Greek coins leave the island by the simple expedient of registering them at Government post offices. Certain frescoes, ascribed to Butinone, which were sawn from the Church of St. Agatha at Pavia have turned up at Paris. On all hands it is agreed that the present law is constantly broken with impunity. The difficulty is chiefly economic. Few will take the risk of expropriation involved in applying for permission to export, when it is known that the Government may seize the object at its own valuation—a mere fraction usually of the prices ruling in London and Paris.

There is little that is new or profound in Elizabeth Luther Cary's study, "The Works of James McNeill Whistler" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), but it is refreshing to find a book on that artist dealing entirely with his art, and making no reference to his personal eccentricities, or to the butterfly letters. Miss Cary deals, by preference, with the "human" qualities in Whistler's work, and finds more of them than would, perhaps, be approved of by the outright Whistlerians. Her "Tentative List of the Artist's Works" should prove a useful foundation for future building.

H. M. Cundall's "Birket Foster" (London: Adam & Charles Black) sets before us an amiable and worthy man, whose minutely stippled and finished drawings of landscape, in the words of the Preface, "appeal to the majority of the British public more than the works of any other artist." Perhaps this is not altogether to the credit of the public, but that it is, or was, true seems amply borne out by some of the stories in the text, notably that of a whole screen full of drawings bought, without examination, by an enterprising dealer, while his rivals were busy making their selections for purchase. The seventy-three colored plates give ample opportunity for the study of the artist's manner of work, but the slight, yet accurate, pencil sketches in the text will give more pleasure to many.

At the auction of the Massey-Mainwaring collection at Christie's, London, March 11 to 18, the following prices were paid for paintings: A. Canaletto, View of the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo and the Colleone Monument, £892; F. Clouet, Comte de la Marque, in black jerkin, £756; Quentin Matsys, Louis XI., in purple dress, £630; A. van der Neer, Village Scene, with two windmills, £483; D. Teniers, Woman Lighting a Pipe, interior of a cottage, £420.

Finance.

TREASURY RELIEF FOR THE MARKETS.

Release, by the Treasury to the money market, of some $15,000,000 cash within a week, has brought to the New York Associate Banks, whose position a month ago was the weakest for that date since 1890, the largest surplus reserve reported at the end of March in any but one of the past seven years. The relief was timely, and thereby hangs a tale. When the disorder on the stock exchanges became acute in the early part of March, people began to ask, more or less anxiously, What will the Treasury do to help the market? In this column, last October, were fully set forth the conditions which gave any warrant for such appeal to the Government, the possible methods of relief, and Secretary Shaw's application of them. For several reasons, each of these considerations appeared in a new and somewhat altered light at the opening of March. At that time Secretary Shaw was succeeded by Mr. Cortelyou. The general judgment was that from him no such stretching of the letter of the law could be expected as from Mr. Shaw, who had overstepped all precedent, first by accepting, as collateral against public deposits with the banks, other securities than United States Government bonds; second, by ruling that public money, once actually in the Treasury's own vault, could be paid over to bank depositories; third, by advancing public funds to banks on the express stipulation that such funds should be used in securing gold imports.

But even assuming that Secretary Cortelyou would refuse to follow the precedents of Mr. Shaw, there were also several particulars in which he had wider latitude. In the opening week of March, Congress amended the law which governs deposit of public moneys. To the old law, which had in substance remained unchanged since 1864, there were two serious objections. One was, that it did not allow receipts from customs to be placed in bank—a wise exception in 1864, because payment of duties in gold, instead of depreciated Government paper, was then required, and because this same gold had to be used by the Government to meet the interest on its debt. But, naturally the reason for such exception ended twenty-eight years ago, when specie payments were resumed. The other objection had a more recent origin. The law of 1864 provided that the Secretary of the Treasury should require national banks in which public money was placed, "to give satisfactory security, by deposit [with the Treasury] of United States bonds and otherwise, for the safe keeping and prompt payment" of such money.

Around the words "and otherwise," much controversy has recently raged. There was, however, little doubt as to what the phrase meant. In reply to questioning, on the floor of the United States Senate, the author of the proviso declared that it meant the personal bond of a bank president, which had at times been required, not as a substitute for Government bond collateral, but in addition to it. The law, beyond reasonable question, contemplated Government bonds as *sine qua non* for such bank deposits. For several decades after the law was passed, the requirement was met without difficulty. In the past ten years, however, not only have Government deposits in bank risen from $11,000,000 to $150,000,000; but national banknote circulation, against which, also, United States bonds are required as security, has increased from $230,000,000 to $597,000,000; and in the face of this increase in demand for Government bonds, the total supply outstanding is hardly $70,000,000 greater than ten years ago, and would be much less, but for the issues during the Spanish war.

As a result, the banks have found it more and more difficult to get the United States bonds with which to qualify as depositary. In this fact, Secretary Shaw justified his overstepping of the law. The so-called Aldrich bill of six weeks ago disposed absolutely of the absurd exclusion of customs revenue from bank deposits; but it handled the question of collateral security, rather queerly. Instead of revoking the old requirement of United States bonds, and declaring what would be acceptable, it left the old proviso as it stood, merely adding the following sentences:

That the Secretary shall, on or before the 1st of January of each year, make a public statement of the securities required during the year for such deposits. Provided, That the Secretary of the Treasury shall distribute the deposits herein provided for, as far as practicable, equitably among the different States and sections.

In form, this amendment gave no fresh authority; but since the author of the bill declared in the Senate that the proviso for

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a statement of acceptable collateral meant that the Secretary might use his own discretion, the Secretary now has ground for assuming that acceptance of State, municipal, or railway bonds is duly legalized. The new Secretary has thus interpreted the law. As to the suggestion that the deposits should, so far as practicable, be "equitably distributed" among different States and sections, the Treasury seems wisely to have decided that distributing "equitably" and distributing "equally" may not be synonymous terms; and that equitable distribution is best achieved by paying back surplus revenue to the money market whence it came. This principle was pursued in the return within two weeks of $15,000,000 customs revenue to New York city exclusively.

How far this new basis of bank deposit of public funds will solve the difficulties of the awkward Sub-Treasury system, is by no means certain. Two unfortunate facts remain, one of them largely due to the Aldrich bill itself. The evil influence, on a market, of constant expectation of "relief from the Treasury," is too obvious to need explanation. The time will come—as it did, a few months ago—when markets will clamor for relief to which they are not entitled. Just now a surplus public revenue, since the year began, has taken $25,000,000 from the money market; the Treasury's duty was, to give it back. But if the Treasury had not drawn on the market, or if, having done so, it had already redeposited, and could therefore offer no aid to a money stringency, we should see the Nemesis of the system. At best, there is a grave and dangerous responsibility imposed on the Secretary—a responsibility which might lead to such an extraordinary idea as Secretary Shaw set forth in his last annual report, that with $100,000,000 cash placed by the Government at a free disposal of the Secretary, he could prevent financial panic, here or abroad. This would be sheer and demoralizing paternalism.

The other troublesome possibility lies in the uncertain terms of the Aldrich act. If the only authorization for other than Government collateral, against public bank deposits, is an instruction to the Secretary to declare once a year what security he is willing to accept, what limit does it set to the kind of security accepted? As a matter of fact and law, it sets none at all; the presumed conservatism of the official himself is the only safeguard.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Almanac, 1639-1800. Washington: Library of Congress.
Beaumarchais's Le Barbier de Séville et Le Mariage de Figaro. Putnams. $1.
Beddoes's Poems. Edited by Ramsay Colles. Dutton.
Barton, Marion T. D. An Experiment in Perfection. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Blackmar, Frank W. Economics. Macmillan Co. $1.40 net.
Blaisdell, Thomas C. Steps in English Composition-Rhetoric. American Book Co. $1.
Bouhelier, Saint-Georges de. Choix de Pages. Bruges: Arthur Herbert.
Boutmy, Emile. Etudes politiques. Paris: Armand Colin.
Cabot, Ella Lyman. Everyday Ethics. Henry Holt & Co.
Call, Henry Laurens. The Conciliation of Wealth. Boston: Chandler Publishing Co.
Caine, Hall. Drink: A Love Story on a Great Question. Appleton. 10 cents.
Campbell, R. J. The New Theology. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Calkins, Mary Whiton. The Persistent Problems of Philosophy. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Catholic Encyclopedia. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann and others. Vol. I. Robert Appleton Co.
Chapman, Frank M. The Warblers of North America. Appleton. $3 net.
Clark, Kate Upson. Art and Citizenship. 75 cents net.
Corbin, John. The Cave Man. Appleton. $1.50.
Elwell, J. B. Bridge Axioms and Laws. Dutton. 75 cents net.
First True Gentleman. Boston: John W. Luce Co.
Freeman, J. D. Life on the Uplands. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents net.
Gaskell's (Mrs.) Cranford. Edited by Charles E. Rhodes. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Gibb (E. J. W.) Memorial. Vol. III. 1. Edited and Translated by J. W. Redhouse. London: Luzac & Co.
Godkin, Edwin Lawrence, Life and Letters of. Edited by Rollo Ogden. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Goethe's Faust. Edited by Julius Goebel. Henry Holt & Co.
Golding, Henry A. The Theta-Phi Diagram Practially Applied to Steam, Gas, Oil, and Air Engines. London: Technical Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Hall, Eliza Calvert. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Hannay, James. Wilmot and Tilley. Toronto: Morang & Co.
Harnack, Adolf. Christianity and History. Translated by Thomas R. Saunders. Macmillan Co. 80 cents.
Hawkes, Clarence. The Trail to the Woods. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Innes, Arthur D. History of England. Cambridge University Press.
Keats's Poetical Works. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Henry Frowde.
Keffer, Charles A. Nature Studies on the Farm. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Kelly, Myra. The Isle of Dreams. Appleton. $1.25.
Kratz, Henry Felton. Studies and Observations in the School-Room. Boston: Educational Publishing Co.
Le Blanc, Max. A Text-Book of Electro-Chemistry. Translated by W. R. Whitney and J. W. Brown. Macmillan Co. $2.30 net.
Lewis, Elizabeth. Lorenzo of Saranna. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. Electrons. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. The Substance of Faith. Harpers. $1.
Low, Sidney. A Vision of India. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Lucas, E. V. Fireside and Sunshine. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Lucretius's De Rerum Natura. Edited by William A. Merrill. American Book Co. $2.25.
Manners and Social Usages. Harpers. $1.25.
McCook, Henry Christopher. Nature's Craftsmen. Harpers. $2 net.
Mineral Resources of the United States. Washington.
Mitchill, Theodore C., and George R. Carpenter. Exposition in Class-Room Practice. Macmillan Co.
Naval Records of the American Revolution. Washington: Library of Congress.
Nelson's Encyclopædia. Vol. XII. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Prince, Leon C. A Bird's-Eye View of American History. Scribners.
Ray, Anna Chapin. Ackroyd of the Faculty. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Reutoul, Robert Reid. Race Culture or, Race Suicide. Walter Scott Publishing Co.
Russell, William Ingraham. The Romance and Tragedy of a Widely Known Business Man of New York. The Lord Baltimore Press.
Sanvisenti, Bernardo. Manuale di Letteratura Spagnuola. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Scott's Kenilworth. Edited by J. H. Castleman. Macmillan Co. 25 cents net.
Sedgwick, Mabel Cabot. The Garden Month by Month. F. A. Stokes Co. $4 net.
Sévigné, Madame de. Lettres Choisies. Putnams. $1.00.
Saltus, Edgar. The Lords of the Ghostland. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.
Shakespeare's As You Like It.—Merchant of Venice. Hudson Edition. Edited by Ebenezer C. Black. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Spears, John R. A Short History of the American Navy. Scribners. 50 cents net.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

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